THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLI. No. 1058 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1951 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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The Carpetbagger and the Cabinet

THE lamentable results which flow from the lack of a common Franco-British policy in foreign affairs have been illustrated once again by the activities in London and Paris of Mr. John Foster Dulles, the carpetbagger charged by President Truman with selling to America's allies the U.S. draft of a peace treaty with Japan. During his talks with Mr. Morrison, Mr. Dulles made the expected American demand that the treaty should be signed on behalf of China by Chiang Kai-shek. This suggestion, irrespective of any points of difference which may have arisen on other clauses in the draft, was too much for the Foreign Secretary: the Presidential envoy packed his bag and went off to try his luck in Paris. In that milder clime, he seemed to have fared better; with M. Schuman absent electioneering, the Quai D'Orsay's permanent chief is reported to have accepted on behalf of France a "compromise" proposal produced by Mr. Dulles from his diplomatic conjurer's hat, that the treaty should have no Chinese signature, but that subsequently the Japanese Government should be free to "conclude peace" with either Chiang Kai-shek or Mao Tse-tung as it pleases. There can be no shadow of doubt but that the astute Mr. Yoshida would opt for the Generalissimo in Formosa: he knows which side of his bread is buttered with U.S. economic aid. Thus, Chiang Kai-shek would be not merely entrenched in an island which forms part of the territory of the Republic of China, he would secure quasi-legitimacy internationally by this backdoor route.

From the standpoint of British interests, the objections to this "compromise" are far from consisting merely in the fact that it would be the occasion for obloquy from the Soviet Union. In its long Note addressed to the U.S. last weekend, the U.S.S.R. reverts to its old argument that the drafting of a peace treaty for Japan must, in the first instance, be a task for the Council of Foreign Ministers, including "China," and that the eventual peace conference should have all the countries whose armed forces opposed Japan as participants. Moscow can hardly expect Washington now to agree to a procedure which the State Department has repeatedly and flatly rejected; the Note is doubtless designed primarily to stir more mud in the waters troubled by Mr. Dulles. The real question for Mr. Morrison is not whether a Japanese peace treaty will have to forgo Russian signature, but whether the pact will promote peace or war in the Pacific.

By all accounts there is much in the U.S. draft—quite apart from the problem of signatories—which should give the Foreign Secretary, if not the pliant Mr. Parodi, pause. In particular, there is apparently to be no ceiling (as there was even in the case of an Italy which had "worked its passage") to the armed forces which Japan may raise and maintain; nor, as the Russians complain, is there seemingly to be any timetable for the evacuation from Japan of U.S. forces. On the contrary, the visit of General Marshall to Tokyo suggests that the Pentagon, so far from thinking of an evacuation of Japan, is busily going ahead with planning a Japanese "bastion," to which Formosa would be a pendant. Indeed, in the course of the Senate inquiry, it has been made clear that the American strategic intention is to draw the "noose of containment" tighter, so that it would run from the Aleutians through Japan to Formosa and Okinawa, in place of the established mid-Pacific island chain. With General Wedemeyer urging the Senators that the U.S. should take the "calculated risk" of blockading the Chinese coast and bombing China's bases, the implications of a treaty which places no limits on Japanese rearmament and affords no guarantee against future Japanese aggression are ominous.

Fortified by French acceptance of his views, Mr. John Foster Dulles is now returning to London to make a renewed effort to secure Mr. Morrison's acquiescence in the U.S. draft—already the subject of hot Cabinet debate. We sincerely trust that he will fail. Over and above the dangers inherent in the unfettered, American-financed rearmament of Japan, any peace treaty which—by no matter how devious means—excluded the Republic of China, and associated Japan and the United States in a virtual military alliance with Chiang Kai-shek, would go far to make certain the spread of the Korean war to the whole of the Far East. That, and not legalistic Russian arguments about the continuing validity of the Potsdam Declaration, is the real issue. Mr. Parodi may have made things more difficult for Britain; but a Government has never yet lost by having the courage of its declared convictions.

The Triangle

From the strictly military point of view, the present phase of the Korean war is essentially to capture ground and only incidentally to destroy the enemy. The significance of the triangular "fortress," bounded by Pyonggang, Kumhwa and Chorwon, is not only that it is the

firm base from which the Communist spring offensives have been launched, but also that it offers the best defensive position, South of the waist, for U.N. forces. General van Fleet is believed to take the view that whichever side dominates this triangle can call the tune in Central Korea and that, if his troops were firmly established on it, the difficulties of the Chinese in launching a further major offensive would be very greatly increased.

At their current rate of progress, U.N. forces may soon find themselves in a naturally strong position, which soldiers would instinctively recognise as marking a possible *military* ending of the war. From a political point of view, the triangle is not near enough to the Manchurian frontier to make its occupation by American troops an intolerable menace to Chinese security. At the same time its occupation—or even its denial to the enemy—would be a reasonable guarantee of the security, at least from surprise attack, of Southern Korea. Now is certainly the most favourable moment since last November for a new peace initiative by the West. If, as seems likely, it is at present beyond the compass of the State Department to sponsor any initiative which has the slightest chance of being acceptable to the Chinese, it is none the less reasonable to hope that the military conditions will of themselves lead to a "dying away" of the war—to use Mr. Strachey's much criticised, but perhaps prophetic, phrase. That would still leave thorny political problems to be settled by negotiation.

The China Lobby

The examination of Mr. Acheson before the Senate Committee has filled a transcript of nearly half a million words. He did not give a notable defence of the Administration's China policy—on the contrary, too often the Administration sought to answer its critics by swallowing part of their programme—but there is no doubt that his testimony helped to take the edge off the axe which the Republicans believed to be hanging above his head. The White House, no doubt, now feels rather more confident; and one sign of this is President Truman's decision, announced at the end of Mr. Acheson's evidence, to investigate the "China Lobby."

This inquiry, which will take the fight to the Republicans, is overdue. The activities of the "China Lobby" have long been notorious; but, until Senator McMahon publicly pressed his charges against this group last week, open criticism had been largely confined to the liberal wing of the U.S. press. The substance of Senator McMahon's allegations was that the Chiang Kai-shek regime had diverted American aid funds back to the United States to finance Nationalist propaganda, and that this "band of crooks" had also made private fortunes from the manipulation of Chinese exchange rates. These two scandals have long been common knowledge in Washington: they may be easier to prove than the further allegation that American official funds were diverted, in the interests of the "China Lobby," not merely to propaganda, but actually to the bribery of legislators and other public figures.

The hand of the "China Lobby" was also seen in the smear campaign of Senator McCarthy. Many of his attacks upon Mr. Acheson, the State Department, and especially those upon Owen Lattimore, were textually similar to the propaganda put out for some time past by Alfred Kohlberg, a wealthy merchant who has sponsored a stream of pro-Chiang and anti-Administration material. If Mr. Truman's investigators do a thorough job, they could produce a damning exposure of the motives and methods of the professional supporters of General MacArthur. This exposure could and should have taken place years ago and it might well have prevented the deterioration of U.S. Far Eastern policy. But, at least, we may soon know for certain where the lies come from.

The Front-page Men

As we write, there is still no hard news of the missing Foreign Office officials. The principal comment which seems reasonable in the circumstances is that, whatever may be the outcome of this extraordinary episode, it casts an odd light on the Foreign Office. There cannot be another Department of State in which the absence without leave of two middle-grade officials would be immediately and leeringly explained by both Fleet Street and Clubland as being attributable to a combination of treachery, homosexuality, drunkenness and general moral instability! Yet there is no proof of any of these charges. The significant thing is that they have been so readily accepted by the Press and in the circles in which these men were accustomed to move. In the face of such a reaction a Labour Foreign Secretary must at last concern himself seriously with the staffing and recruitment of the Foreign Service. Perhaps Mr. Morrison will confound his critics by showing that he realises what Mr. Bevin might have been expected to realise—that there may be other and sounder qualifications for modern diplomacy than membership of the right school and Club. At the same time, although we continue to urge the reform of the Foreign Office and deplore its preoccupation with the narrow social circle from which most of its staff are drawn, we hope that these incidents will not be distorted into an excuse for a Washington-style witch-hunt. The State Department, under pressure from Congress, has sacked many officials on the single charge of sexual perversion. Personal weaknesses —whatever they may be—can in certain circumstances be exploited. We still believe that as many Communists—or as few—will be caught by the tried methods of the beautiful blonde.

Second Round in Italy

The results of the second batch of municipal elections in Italy follow broadly the pattern of the Northern elections a fortnight ago. The "associated" Government bloc has succeeded in wresting Florence, Turin, and a number of smaller towns from the Left; but, once again, there are no indications of any decline in the Left vote. On the contrary, the Communists and Nenni Socialists combined had a poll of over 107,000 in Florence, against 99,000 at the 1948 election, while in Turin the Left vote rose from 174,000 to 180,000. In both cities the Coalition poll dropped heavily—by 30,000 in Florence and by 56,000 in Turin, the chief sufferer being the Christian Democrats. As in the recent provincial elections in Sicily, the neo-Fascist party (M.S.I.) trebled their poll.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE
Summer Books

The N.C.B. Looks Forward

The Coal Board in 1950 achieved a financial surplus after meeting interest charges, and also produced more coal with a smaller labour force. But, as everyone knows, the rise in output was too small to meet the increased demand, despite a cut in exports and in coal used for bunkers. Consequently, stocks fell by three million tons, and coal had actually to be imported from the United States at high cost. During the year the number of mine workers fell by more than 20,000, and the average age continued to rise, so that at the end of 1950 well over two-thirds of the total were over 31 years old, as against 55 per cent. in the 1920s. With domestic demand further swollen by rearmament and the labour force still tending to fall, prospects for the future are not reassuring. Last year output rose by more than one million tons, but domestic demand increased by six million tons. Both output per manshift and the number of shifts per man worked were up—the former the highest yet recorded; but the upward trend of output can hardly be speeded up without more recruits. Large-scale reorganisation and new sinkings are bound to take a considerable time to yield substantial results. Therefore, coal shortages are bound to continue for a number of years ahead, and even urgent home demands will be in sharp competition with the need to maintain exports.

Order 1305

It seems to have been settled that compulsory arbitration under Order 1305 is to end, but that some parts of the Order are to remain in force in a modified form. The obligation on employers to observe recognised terms and conditions of employment is to be kept, but only when the National Arbitration Tribunal agrees to its enforcement. The period within which the Minister of Labour must refer a dispute reported to him to arbitration is to be shortened, and it will no longer be illegal to strike while arbitration is under consideration. The Arbitration Tribunal's scope of activity is to be reduced by excluding such questions as the closed shop, recognition and victimisation from its competence, leaving it to deal only with wages, hours, and related terms of employment. These changes have still to be finally endorsed by the T.U.C. General Council and the Employers' Confederation; but there is not likely to be any serious hitch. The employers' representatives at first objected to the retention of the power to enforce fair wages and conditions without the continuance of compulsory arbitration; but they appear now to have accepted the view that on the whole the provision makes for good relations, because it prevents the occurrence of small stoppages arising out of disputes about the wages appropriate in marginal firms.

PARLIAMENT: "We Never Closed"

Wednesday.

THE week in Westminster has not only been remarkable for its extraordinarily long sittings. It has also been exceptionally dull. The lassitude that has characterised the House since Whitsun has followed it even into the Finance Bill. When the "harrying by Prayer" collapsed, it was to this Bill the Tories looked, to make the Government squeal. Yet, oddly enough, all the squeals so far have come from the Opposition, with chief harrier Boothby as the leader of the pack. Caught in the wrong lobby, Bob Boothby felt compelled to appeal for the protection of the Chair against the massed pressure of the conies in their covert. He has had, as close companions in complaint, the Front Bench leaders of the Opposition. No fewer than seven times during the course of the Bill, Churchill, Eden and Lyttelton have asked permission "to report progress" and begged leave to sit again.

The Debate has had its excitements—not while the House has been attending to its business, but in the hours when the Tories have been declaring their anxiety to have done with it and go home to bed. Only then did the adjectival fluency of the Leader of the Opposition stimulate the House to indignation. For the rest, since they could not go home, the effect of the mountainous boredom of the Debate itself was to send members to sleep in the place where they were. Some dozed in their places on the benches of the Chamber, others in various more comfortable benches within the precincts. The division bells brought them to a temporary wakefulness as they passed, some of them slippered, through the division lobby back to their couches.

Those who loved to talk, rather than to sleep, conducted a remarkably good-tempered discussion. In part, the general amiability was undoubtedly due to Chuter Ede's urbane gift for the soft answer that turns away wrath; until at length, after twenty-six uninterrupted hours on the Front Bench, even he fell asleep where he sat. More particularly, the explanation would seem to rise from the fact that there is almost nothing in the Finance Bill to which the Opposition take any real exception. They have made it clear that Conservatives in office would have done much the same as the Labour Government has done—only much better, of course, and with increased benefits of all kinds and much lower taxation, especially at the higher levels.

Indeed, after two all-night sittings, the great principle that divided the House seemed to be, not the clauses of the Bill, but the Government's wilful selfishness in refusing to carry on the Debate with the consent of the Opposition until 3 a.m., when there would be no public transport, and then stop. "And why," asked Mr. Churchill, "if the Government did not want its members to have to walk, did they not buy them cars out of the vast resources of their political levy?"

Throughout it all, the Liberals behaved with a commendable consistency. They voted against the Government unitedly on every alternate division, and for them on every other (except for Mr. Hopkin Morris) with mathematical precision, so long as they remained. Then at midnight, like the clock, very sensibly and by unanimous consent, they decided to call it a day.

But perhaps the real voice of sanity was not that of the Members of the House, but of two of its cleaners, one of whom was overheard to say: "I hear, my dear, as wot they've 'ad another all-night sitting." And the other to reply, "Aye, so they 'ave, the daft ——." The word is in Dr. Johnson's lexicon.

TOM WILLIAMS

The October Election

BEFORE the Summer Recess the Prime Minister will have to decide on his electoral tactics. Should he seek to prolong the life of this Parliament through a second winter, or should he go to the country in the autumn?

At first sight, the case against an autumn election is convincing. To begin with, the Party managers at Transport House have informed the Prime Minister—as they always do—that the machine is not tuned up, and that neither the constituency parties nor the Members of Parliament are spoiling for a fight. What they say has force. Unless something quite unexpected changes the whole political outlook, the Labour Party would enter an election campaign this year in a dangerously defensive mood. If the worst that it could fear is a Tory majority of some 60 to 80 seats, its highest hope would be to scrape back to the precarious position which it now holds. Mr. Morrison, whose opposition to the February election in 1950 was fully justified (he wanted to wait until June), must once again be tempted to play for time. In his new role as peacemaker, he not only wants a success, but believes that he may be able to achieve it in Korea, and so in due course to make Peace the keynote of a "Victory" Socialist programme. Moreover, as a party tactician, he probably feels that an autumn election, which brought a Conservative Government to office and gave Labour the role of a powerful Opposition, might well strengthen the forces of the Left.

Yet Mr. Attlee must hesitate before he finally makes up his mind to face all the political dangers of another winter in office without either power or a programme. He realises that the decision to postpone an election means that the Annual Conference of the Labour Party must take place, as arranged, at Scarborough in the first week of October. At that Conference, the real strength of the Bevanite opposition will, for the first time, be revealed. The constitution of the Labour Party permits the debates at Conference to be stage-managed so as to give the platform a standing majority. What cannot be "managed" are the votes of the constituency parties for their seven representatives on the National Executive. The actual voting in this election takes place on the first day of the Conference, before the full force of the machine can be brought to bear on the delegates. It is by no means impossible that the result will be the re-election of Mr. Bevan, Mr. Mikardo and Mr. Driberg, with the addition of Mrs. Castle, who is transferring her candidature from the Women's Section (elected by the trade union block vote) to the constituency list. If the "rebels" secure half or more than half the constituency seats on the Executive, this would be interpreted, inside and outside the Labour Movement, as a defeat of the Government; and it might well be followed by a Conference decision to support Mr. Bevan's opposition to the financial ceiling on the Health Service. However much Mr. Attlee may be tempted to postpone the election, he must also be anxious to avoid an open conflict at Scarborough, and anything which could look like an endorsement by the delegates of Mr. Bevan's position.

If he cannot avoid a row at Scarborough, Mr. Bevan will weigh in with all his enormous debating skill, and exploit his popularity with the delegates to the utmost. But he would not hesitate to accept any sensible compromise which makes an open conflict unnecessary. The real case for an autumn dissolution, therefore, is that it avoids the clash between Mr. Morrison and Mr. Bevan which is inevitable if a normal Party Conference takes place in October. A nicely-timed general election could make the Conference unnecessary, or, alternatively, transform it into a week-end jamboree before the battle begins.

This might suit Mr. Morrison, Mr. Bevan—and the Prime Minister. They all realise that bitter dissension at Scarborough, followed by a winter of rising prices, coal shortage and industrial unrest, might well strain the unity of the Party past breaking point. And anyway, throughout these long, weary months, only three unlucky by-elections would be required to bring the Second Labour Government to an inglorious end. It is not impossible, therefore, that all three men will draw the obvious conclusion that their disagreements should be composed, at least until after the election. But such comradely common sense does not blaze up by spontaneous combustion. It must be contrived coolly and deliberately. Those who still believe that the differences between Mr. Bevan and his former colleagues are purely personal must have failed to observe the increasing strength of his appeal in the Trade Union Movement. The big unions are being inundated with Bevanite resolutions from their branches, and, when the worker begins to feel the full effect on his living standards of rearmament and inflation, and observes next autumn that the Red Army, whose aggressiveness is the sole justification of rearmament, remains inactive, his enthusiasm for what he feels to be a genuine Socialist peace policy is bound to increase. Even if Mr. Bevan displays the virtues of an archangel, the cleft in the Labour Movement must grow steadily wider as long as events seem to prove him right.

The one way to bridge this cleft is by drafting an agreed election programme. At present there is still no clash of principle between Left and Right in the Labour Party. The disagreements are important, but they are concerned with priorities, with matters of emphasis, and with emotional undertones. If left to grow, they are bound to swell into differences of principle. But there is still time this summer to prevent this happening.

What is needed, in fact, is another Shanklin Conference, at which a short, agreed programme can be worked out for submission to the delegates at Scarborough, immediately before the election. No attempt should be made at this second Shanklin to concoct yet another ambitious policy document. Agreement should be sought in the most limited and therefore the easiest sphere—a programme of immediate action to defeat the Tory threat. But if this programme is to achieve its pur-

pose, the Left-wingers cannot be asked to make all the concessions as they did at Shanklin last time. The Cabinet to-day is far to the Right of the Labour Movement, and it can only regain its leadership if the Prime Minister decisively redresses the balance. He is a middle-of-the-road man, but the road should be marked "Socialism" and not "Coalition."

Saarland

THE *Landtag* is temporarily housed in the Saar Casino—suitably enough, since its future is speculative. Listening to the Nationalist whoops from the German side of the frontier, the political leaders of the Saar, who have staked their reputations, and perhaps their lives, on the survival of the Saar's present status, might be forgiven if, in their conduct of affairs, they manifested the neurosis that comes from persecution and exile. The most eminent of the Governmental Party, like Herr Kossman, the Popular Christian, yield nothing to Social Democrats like Herr Peter Zimmer in their experience of Nazi prisons and concentration camps. Most of those who escaped prison have known exile and pursuit; Hitler's breath had scarcely dried on their necks when they returned to their native Saarland. But, despite the pre-war language which both Dr. Adenauer and Herr Schumacher apply to them and the Saar State, they have steadily pursued their single purpose of making their territory a link between France and Germany and a province of Europe. In the language of German nationalism, the Saar under its present regime is like Czecho-Slovakia in 1938, a "pigmy state"; its leaders are "traitors"; and when Herr Hoffmann banned the Democratic Party, "the last mask fell." Nationalism in Western Germany means votes. For that reason, the respectable official parties have no objection to bidding against each other in Nationalist enterprise, in order to win the less respectable support of the extremists.

Towards the French Government, which is, of course, the Saar's protector, the German Government maintains an attitude of wounded deference. Towards the Saar Government, which in itself is less considerable, Dr. Adenauer and Herr Kaiser, the Minister for All-German Questions, are more forthright. The Saar Government, according to them, is provoking Germany and maltreating Germans. It suppresses human rights and liberties, and Germany cannot stand by without protest, and so on. Putting aside the memories which the vocabulary and manner of the German protests evoke, what validity is there in its substance? The ban on the Democratic Party at first sight appears an act of intolerance. It was a legally-constituted political party, which in October, 1947, returned three members to the *Landtag*. What is little known outside the Saar is that, since 1947, the Party had been "captured" by former Nazis and their fellow-travellers, and its three Deputies have seceded from the Party. The Democratic Party had, in fact, before its suppression, become a *lucus a non lucendo*, dark with the old Nazi purposes. If Herr Hoffmann had lacked the courage to ban a Party which had become subversive of the constitution, he would not have earned the gratitude of the Saarlanders, who hope to continue to enjoy the best of both worlds.

To remain German and to share in French prosperity—that has been the comfortable objective of the Saarland in the last five years. M. Grandval, the French High Commissioner, has successfully carried out his Government's attempt to secure this purpose. There is no sign in the Saar of any attempt to make it an Alsace. Even the French regiments, garrisoned at Saarlouis under the Franco-Saar Agreement, are unobtrusive. The Customs Officers are German, and speak no French. The Saar is German, and cannot be otherwise. But its economic association with France, through its customs union, has brought the Saar great benefits. It has maintained full employment, even while accepting tens of thousands of refugees from Eastern Germany. The steel-works and mines have been revived with French assistance. The devastated villages have been restored. And Saarlouis, partly burnt down by angry Russian prisoners-of-war and slave labourers after their liberation from the Nazis, has been rebuilt. No one free from the tom-tom prejudices of the extremist nationalism, which has brought so much sorrow to Germany and Europe, can pass through the industrious and humming towns of the Saarland without thinking, "This is all right. Why can't they be left alone?"

M. Schuman has dealt delicately with Dr. Adenauer on the question of the Saar and the Schuman Plan. Although the Saar Government wished to sign the draft treaty as an independent member, the French Foreign Secretary signed "on behalf of the Saar"—a non-committal formula. To the High Commissioner this seemed a reflection on the way in which he had carried out the French Government's policy, which has been to promote the existence of a Saar State, and he offered his resignation. This the French Foreign Secretary refused to accept. France's Saar policy, he said, remained the same, and it was the intention, after the French elections, to make M. Grandval Ambassador to the Independent State of the Saar.

This leaves Dr. Adenauer in a dilemma. He wants to see the Schuman Plan realised. But, as he pointed out in a recent speech to the *Bundestag*, he wants to separate the Saar Question from the present process of European integration. Is that possible? One thing is clear. If the European Iron and Steel Community is set up, the Saar will become its heart, circulating its benefits to every part of the European organism. In those circumstances, it may well be that the "process of European integration," while preceding the discussion of the Saar's final status, may also provide the means for its settlement.

I was present in the European Assembly when Ernst Roth, the German Social Democrat, a Saarlander by origin, and a brave *Maquisard*, had a fatal stroke in the middle of a protest against the banning by the Strasbourg Prefect of a press conference of anti-separatist Germans. His tragic and lamented death seemed to his German colleagues yet another martyrdom for Germany. To the other delegates it seemed an unhappy signal for the reopening by the German Government of a bitter Nationalist quarrel, which those who believe in a European solution to the Franco-German feud, had hoped was long dead. It would be well if that renascent dispute were destroyed while it is still in its egg. Germans of all parties would do well to realise that it is not by appealing to the pan-German Nationalism of the past that they will achieve the European internationalism of the future, to which they have spoken their allegiance.

MAURICE EDELMAN

London Diary

I WAS sorry to read of Philip Jordan's unexpected death. He was a journalist of considerable ability and some of his war reporting for the *News Chronicle*, in both the Spanish War and the Second World War, achieved real distinction. For the last five years of his life he worked in the Government service as Public Relations Adviser, first, to the Washington Embassy and, since 1947, to the Prime Minister. Handling Mr. Attlee's public relations is no easy task. For the Prime Minister combines with his natural shyness and taciturnity a marked distaste for the popular Press. But Jordan's experience in Washington, where he was a success, served him well at Downing Street. Most newspaper men liked him; all enjoyed the quality of his conversation and his biting, satirical wit. In Washington, against the stuffed-shirt background of the British Embassy, he had learnt the value of going half-way to meet tough, cynical correspondents in their search for hard news. At No. 10, facing the problems posed by Mr. Attlee's personal idiosyncracies, he adopted a similar technique. Jordan had learnt in Washington that to get away with a policy of calculated indiscretion, the hints must be truthful, the "indiscretions" big ones. He proved that rule at Downing Street; and the Prime Minister's personal standing is one of the measures of its success.

* * *

Held up in a bus last week in central London by one of the now frequent royal processions, I wondered whether these occasions are any longer as popular as their organisers obviously believe. My fellow passengers, made talkative by the unusual, expressed views ranging from, "It's all done by the Government to make people forget about the prices and all this nationalisation," to "It would be better if they had it on a Saturday afternoon." No one indicated any sense of personal identification with these archaic junketings, and no one appeared to take them seriously. I am strongly in favour of adding to the colour and gaiety of London life; but I doubt whether those responsible for the administration of royalty are wise to place so much emphasis on those trappings and mummeries of the Crown which make it utterly remote from ordinary people and the facts of modern life. The symbolism of monarchy ceases to move one unless the royal personage can be seen to be a projection of normal life; larger than life, if you will, but at least living a life which each of us might live if he were a little more successful, a little nobler. If the Royal Family continue to be presented to the public merely as a nostalgic symbol of those

"good old days" which the majority of their subjects hope never to see again, the legend will soon be replaced by disillusion. Reform of The Court is overdue. It could well start with an arrangement by which the Royal Family are enabled to receive their guests without bringing central London to a standstill just as its workers are trying to get to lunch.

* * *

I have an interesting letter from Mr. R. S. Stokes of Southport, quoting in full his recent correspondence with Transport House. Mr. Stokes, it may be recalled, was adopted by Blackpool, North, as its prospective Labour candidate. According to the *Daily Herald* of June 12, the Labour Party Executive refused to endorse his selection because he failed to give the assurances required of a Parliamentary candidate. The correspondence tells a rather fuller story. Mr. Stokes has, he says, while pledging basic support for the Labour Party, been critical for some time about the "coalition in Foreign Affairs," "the general drift towards war," "the re-armament drive and the consequent effect on the cost of living," and, specifically, the charges on the Health Service. Now, I know nothing of Mr. Stokes and cannot fight his battle. But an interesting point arises from the Executive's action. For the terms of his letters suggest that Mr. Stokes's criticisms are very similar to Mr. Bevan's. Is, then, one test to be applied to those whose presence in Parliament suggests that they have a chance of winning their elections and another to the late-comers in the difficult constituencies? Or is the endorsement of Mr. Bevan's candidature to be refused? I hope that members of the Executive will approach this problem in a generous spirit. The Labour Party has been greatly strengthened in the past by a variety of views within an over-riding loyalty to the Party. The same catholicism will not weaken it now.

* * *

The election of Sir Hubert Henderson as Warden of All Souls' is another indication of the tendency in recent years for Oxford Colleges to play for safety in their principal appointments. The heads of All Souls', Balliol, Christ Church and New College, by tradition the homes of excellence and greatness, now form a quartet as unexceptionable as it is unexciting. There is no sign here of a Jowett or a Fisher. On the whole the pattern of these college appointments is predictable, adventurousness being succeeded by caution. In the inter-war years the vogue tended to favour the adventurous. Fisher of New College, Livingstone of Corpus, Lindsay of Balliol and Norwood of St. John's were all men of affairs, well known outside academic circles; Bowra of Wadham was—and is—a scholar of international repute and a man of uniquely flamboyant personality; Stallybrass of Brasenose was a 20th-century eccentric cast in an Elizabethan mould. None of these, except Bowra, remains in office; all have been replaced by men of more conventionally donnish qualities. It is all very understandable, very human. These exotic figures made enemies as well as friends and were often, no doubt, a reasonable cause of irritation to their colleagues. But equally no doubt, they exercised a stimulating and broadening influence on generations of undergraduates and dons who came within their care; and Oxford is the poorer for their passing. Sir Hubert Henderson's qualifications for high office are by no means uncommon ones—his election can give offence to no one and will be mildly pleasing to many. It might have been hoped, however, that All Souls' of all colleges would have taken a bolder step to honour greatness in its midst. Once Oxford was known as the home of lost causes; and Oxford men were proud of it. They may be less proud if the university comes to be thought of as a graveyard of lost opportunities.

* * *

It was one of those mixed establishments, so popular in French towns, where no clear distinction is made between Gentlemen and Ladies. This one was beneath the street in a big provincial town. It consisted of a large tiled room with accommodation for men and women on opposite sides. The centre was the domain of *la gardienne*. There on a table was a saucepan boiling away on a spirit stove. Around it lay butter, oil, vegetables, the accountrements of cooking. A side-table was laid for four, with a bottle of wine in the middle. *Madame* busied herself at the stove. Two children of school age played with a doll on the floor. *Monsieur* sat silent, expectant, in a chair, his bicycle leaning in the doorway. He had just come in from work. It was lunch-time. The clients of the establishment passed in and out in the ordinary way. FLAVUS

SÛRETÉ, SÉCURITÉ, OBSCURITÉ

"It was eight days after the [diplomats'] disappearance before the French police were informed."—French Ministry, June 11. "There is no foundation for the assertion that the French authorities were not told until June 1."—Foreign Office, June 13.

The case of the missing diplomats
May baffle the counter-espionage,
But the public learn with more concern
The rumour of charge and counter-charge
By French and British bureaucrats.

The case of the Sûreté lays the blame
On Foreign Office undue delay,
They were not told till the trail was cold,
Whitehall held back on the Quai d'Orsay—
Security thus defeats its aim.

The case of the Foreign Office Chief
Rests on a high official's word,
Who made it known that the birds were flown
When the calamity occurred—
The interval was extremely brief.

This is the case of the missing week
When all but the runaways missed the boat.
Did lack of news the French confuse?
Did the Foreign Office mislay the Note?
Did France depend on a Fleet Street leak?

The honour of France is now involved,
She may abandon the hot pursuit,
The watch on ports and spy resorts,
The scent of the Pontecorvo route,
Until this mystery has been solved.

But what of the Entente Cordiale?
If the Foreign Office was too discreet
We must make our peace with the French Police,
For Paris *boîtes* are off the beat,
And Scotland Yard may not compete.
Have our denials been too complete?
Have we a cast-iron case to meet,
The case of the Sûreté Nationale?

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Corned beef was sent to a Bridgend school canteen. Teachers sniffed it and did not like it. A canteen manageress sniffed it but pronounced it good; the town sanitary inspector sniffed it and passed it as good; the town medical officer sniffed it and declared it good—then ordered it to be destroyed because too many people had sniffed it. —*Daily Express.* (B. Parsons.)

My grandfather, who was 87 last March, has been converted to nudism. All day long he sits in the greenhouse without a stitch on, except his hat. When I ask him what he wants with a hat if he is a nudist, he hits out at me with his stick and shouts: "Because I'm bald. . . ."—Letter in *Daily Mail.* (E. Besso.)

T. C. Dodds, Essex batsman, said that before he was introduced to moral rearmament his performances were average. Since then they had been transformed.—*Oxford Mail.* (G. R. Anderson.)

France Polls on Sunday

IT is still widely said that this is a "tame" election and that even in ebullient Marseilles the black eyes and bloody noses are few and far between. But black eyes are really no criterion of how seriously the election is being taken. Their scarcity may even mean that the election is being fought on a different level, with most people realising that brawls are not enough. Nor is the estimate that less than 10 per cent. of the electorate attend election meetings necessarily a sign of indifference. No doubt there is a good deal of mental confusion over the various unholy alliances, the so-called *apparentements*. These have given rise to some cynicism about the whole thing, and may cause a large number of abstentions (which would benefit the extremes); but seldom has a French election been so far removed as this time from the Eatanswill level. The whole of it has a tragic undercurrent: everybody realises that, caught between the two Giants, the people of France are not properly masters of their own destiny; that, regardless of individual opinions and mutual hatreds, they are all in the same boat; and that what happens at the polls will not necessarily decide France's future. This underlying feeling lends a certain soberness even to the most angry speeches. One is aware of it even at some Gaullist meetings, and almost everywhere there is to be observed (1) either a tendency to apologise for France's position in international affairs (one notices this particularly at meetings held by the Government parties), or (2) an attempt to find a new basis for France's international relations (this is specially true of the Communists, Gaullists and "Neutralists").

The "Neutralists"—or, as they are officially called, *le Cartel des Gauches Indépendentes*—are running only half-a-dozen candidates, all of them in the Paris area, where they benefit from P.R., and their meetings, particularly those of their leader, Claude Bourdet, are very well attended. Bourdet's argument is that the present Government policy is leading France straight to disaster. This is his argument:

The war in Indo-China is costing France £400 millions a year, and is a terrible drain on her army *cadres*. This in itself is crippling all attempts to build up a proper French army in Europe, and is chiefly responsible for inflation. The note circulation has gone up 20 per cent. in the last year; the purchasing power of the working class is far below

the 1938 level, and the Communists are, consequently, gaining in strength all the time.

Further, France was told in 1948 that she "would be defended by the American Army." At the end of 1951, the U.S. will still have only 6 divisions in Europe, and the Americans make no secret of their inability to defend France on land in the event of a Russian invasion. The military power of America is in her air force; and this will come into action in any case if the Russians attack Western Europe, which is most unlikely. Therefore, France has gained nothing from the Atlantic Pact and will merely be crushed the moment a world war breaks out; the presence of "adequate" American bomber bases in France and "inadequate" American divisions here merely increases the danger of war.

France should use all her authority for pressing, together with India and other Powers, notably Britain, if possible, for a general U.S.—U.S.S.R. settlement. The way things are going, and with working-class discontent rising, future governments of France are bound to become more and more authoritarian, and more and more at the mercy of the U.S. In Indo-China the real wishes of the people have to be recognised, and a policy should be started for turning the coloured peoples, wherever possible, into allies, instead of hostile slaves.

Bourdet does not expect to have many Deputies in the new Assembly; but he is convinced that his ideas will, as time goes on, become an increasingly powerful centre of attraction to numerous Socialists, M.R.P. members, Radicals and perhaps even Communists. He maliciously quotes remarks frequently made to him by Cabinet Ministers saying that they "agree with him 100 per cent.," but that they can't very well say so openly.

The anxiety over the Atlantic Pact, at least in its present state, is also loudly voiced at Gaullist meetings. De Gaulle's "We want the Americans to be our Allies, not our masters" was the one phrase, throughout his otherwise rather woolly speech at the mass meeting at the Velodrome d'Hiver on Friday, which produced an outburst of cheering. The Gaullists, too, though saying that the American alliance is "tragically inevitable, are deeply disturbed by strategic plans which would consist in "defending France from the fringes." The rest of de Gaulle's speech aroused little enthusiasm; and it was only when he mounted the rostrum and when he had finished speaking that there was thunderous applause: an interesting illustration of the fact that if there is much genuine devotion to the *person* of de Gaulle, there is almost total indifference, amongst his followers, to his incoherent and singularly meaningless election programme. In other words, the *Führer Prinzip* is fully accepted: "Get him into power, and then we'll see."

Indeed, when the Gaullists become precise, the result is often disastrous: nothing has scared many people more in the past week than the indiscretions of General Koenig, one of the leading Gaullist candidates, who announced that it would be necessary to increase the term of military service to two or even three years if France was to be endowed with a mighty army; that 10,000 reserve officers and 20,000 reserve N.C.O.s would have to be called up; and that large numbers of French troops would have to go to Indo-China.

All this was different from the generalities of General de Gaulle himself or of his propaganda chief, André Malraux, who made last Wednesday a striking speech at the Cirque d'Hiver. He is not standing as a candidate, but his great literary gifts are being used to give the Gaullist movement a certain romantic tone and cultural respectability. His speech was a literary masterpiece; he sounded as if the Gaullists were, if you please, the legitimate heirs of the Great Revolution! "Think," he cried, "of the soldiers of Valmy and Jemappes. Those were the days when the whole world gave itself to France! Those were Republicans indeed! And now, *look* at them —Herriot, Pleven, André Marie—bah!" All this had no connection at all with much more serious matters like the Gaullist plan to disband the trade unions—but it sounded good! And of course there was nothing so prosaic in Malraux's great harangue as the price of steak.

At the same time, however, the Gaullists do represent something very far removed from the Battle of Valmy. They have their commandos, who are like the commandos of the *Action Française* before the war, and one of them broke into the C.G.T. Paris headquarters the other night and ransacked the building. Later, the tradè unionists displayed from the top of the building a violently-worded protest poster, which the police insisted on tearing down. In doing so, they, in turn, invaded the trade union headquarters, beat up several officials, and completed the wrecking job started (with impunity) by the Gaullist gang some hours before. All this has added a nasty civil war touch to the otherwise orderly election campaign and a foretaste of things to come; and the Communists naturally attributed the extraordinary behaviour of the police on this occasion to a desire, on the part of the Government, to impress their "anti-Communism" upon General Bradley, who happened to be in Paris that day. His visit, incidentally, with its emphasis on rearmament and "greater sacrifices," could not have come at a more awkward moment, and the Government press played it down and tried, instead, to stress the "greater anti-aircraft defence for France" that would result from it! Needless to say, a little political capital it also being made of the "vanished diplomats," presented as an illustration of the long hand of Moscow.

In the villages and smaller provincial towns, where life is slower and easier, and where there is not the same awareness as in Paris of the grim international situation, the Government parties appear to be doing rather better than the two extremes. But in Paris there is no inclination to take the M.R.P., the Socialists or the Radicals seriously; and, of the "democratic" parties, the plain Conservatives alone seem to have a substantial and a steady following. They enjoy the support of big business and the press. A small, but nevertheless significant phenomenon in Paris is the rather stormy meetings held by M. Isorni, Petain's counsel, which are outspokenly Vichyite and crowded with young thugs very reminiscent of the Vichy *milice*.

In the working-class quarters the Communist meetings are the big draw. The humour at these—exercised by such accomplished speakers as André Marty—is highly sardonic, and the general mood grim. Much is said about the achievements and peaceful intentions of the Soviet Union, but even more is said about the price of meat or about the slum children who are, more and more frequently, bitten by rats since the Paris town council decided, in its recent economy drive, to cut down on rat poison. It is this intimate knowledge of all working-class grievances that gives strength to the French C.P. They also strongly feel that a big police action against them may be close at hand, and they are in a defiant mood.

The grouping, calling itself the "Fourth Force," and consisting of all the non-Gaullist Right and at least part of the Radicals, seems to have high hopes of gaining a controlling interest in the new Government—forgetting perhaps that memories are not quite short enough to allow either Reynaud or Daladier to become France's leader.

Will it be "a hundred apiece," as was widely thought a week ago—*i.e.*, 100 each for the Gaullists, Rightists, Radicals, M.R.P., Socialists and Communists? With the *curés*, especially in Southern and Central France, refusing to follow closely the recommendations of the Vatican, it is not certain that the M.R.P. will necessarily preserve much of its strength against the Gaullist onslaught; nor have the Socialists made a good impression on the whole. In the position in which they are, there is mighty little they can promise; and promises are the life-blood of any election. Barring last-minute surprises, the Gaullists are now currently put at at least 130; in which case the whole centre of gravity will shift a good long way to the Right, and may bring about a lot of heart-searching among the Socialists and the Left wing of the M.R.P. This may well lead to the creation of a real Left opposition, which has, so far, been the exclusive property of the C.P. Few foreign names have been mentioned so frequently in the course of this election as that of M. Bevan.

Paris, June 11. ALEXANDER WERTH

The Stately Homes of England II.

THE technical and cultural objections to the wholesale conversion of the great country houses into institutions are much in the mind of organisations such as the National Trust or the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, which are seeking to save what they can from the ruin that is as surely coming upon these houses, as it has come upon the fortunes that built and maintained them. It is these objections that lead to the widespread insistence by preservation societies as well as by most owners that the ideal solution —and one that has "social value" in their view— is to keep historic houses in family occupation, preferably by a family connected with the house. And to those who accept this assumption it naturally follows that a prime object of public policy should be to lighten the financial burden upon the owner and occupier. After considering much testimony on this point, the recent Royal Commission under Sir Ernest Gowers reached the same conclusion: among the recommendations in its Report, published last year, were specific proposals for additional tax reliefs and for State grants towards essential repairs and maintenance.

The Gowers Commission squarely faced the argument that such treatment would be preferential, but justified this "concealed subsidy" by equating it with the public service performed by the owner or occupier in preserving important houses and their contents. He may, the Report implied, enjoy superior amenities, but he often enjoys them at considerable personal expense and inconvenience. This suggestion could be dismissed as special pleading. As easily, by analogy, the motorist might plead for tax relief on the grounds of the national value of a reserve of drivers for a mechanised army. But it would not be special pleading if, on thorough investigation, it should appear that the choice lies solely between such a subsidy and the steady loss of buildings and the dispersal of chattels which are rightly treasured as part of the national heritage.

The Government, however, does not seem satisfied that this is the only choice. In a statement on April 26, the Chancellor insisted that such relief would run counter to general taxation policy: "A man's liability to tax," he said, "should not be measured by his particular choice of commitments. . . . Special relief from taxation would not . . . be an appropriate method of

dealing with the problem." But, if this remedy is rejected, what other remedies remain? Since the crux of the matter is that cumulative taxation is reducing both capital and income to the point where owners cannot keep up historic or beautiful houses, either additional funds must be found to meet the upkeep, or, unless the houses are to be written off, someone with more ample resources must take them over, for use or mere preservation. And the public interest thus lies between some form of subsidy, on conditions, or the public or "institutional" ownership of a great many houses. The total number of houses now concerned, or that will shortly face a crisis, is so great that voluntary societies and cultural charities cannot do more than help the most urgent and important cases.

It was this situation that made the Gowers investigation significant. And the subsequent Report was couched in terms sufficiently strong to produce, in April, the promise of legislation from the Government. Understandably the Treasury prefaced this promise by the statement that only a small amount of money will be available and that the number of houses that can receive State help will therefore be limited. But the statement envisaged, first, that grants or loans would be given to preserve the structure of historic houses, on condition of public access; secondly, that to preserve the unity of structure and contents, chattels as well as buildings will henceforth be accepted in lieu of Estate Duty, and that this exemption will cover premises donated to other public bodies as well as the National Trust; lastly, an Advisory Council might be created to assist the Minister of Works in this task.

If the legislation now being drafted conforms to this outline, it will do some good. But to compare these small-scale proposals with the substance and the suggestions of the Gowers Commission is to realise that the basic issues are still being shirked. Whether the proposed grants are large or small, many or few in number, much else is involved than the simple-seeming matter of grants to preserve "structure." In practice, structural maintenance may have to include such items as heating and running repairs. It is all very well to lend or give money to keep the roof on a house, owners point out, but serious damage may have occurred before that, or much work may have to be done afterwards. The maintenance of an old house is a continual battle with natural and powerful forces of decay. And how far will the limited State funds go to help the smaller houses, the remote houses, and the houses well worth preserving though they may not rival the distinction of a Haddon Hall or a Blenheim Palace?

The Government statement of April 26, moreover, glosses over two substantial items in the Gowers Report. The Commission reviewed very fully the anomalies and confusion which flow from the multiplicity of public authorities responsible for the preservation of historic houses and monuments. If there is not complete chaos, it is due rather to the limited staff and resources at the disposal of these authorities, than to any administrative co-ordination or efficiency. Several Ministries are involved. There are organisations involved in research and recording, and more than two hundred local authorities have some kind of planning jurisdiction. There are two independent but overlapping codes relating to "negative" preservation, and no real machinery at all for "positive" preservation or for inhabited houses. The result is that no one really knows either the size or the detail of the problem or has power adequately to deal with it if the facts were known. To attempt, as I have attempted, even to secure a comprehensive list of historic houses, and of their present state and use, is to discover that such elementary statistics have never been compiled. Now, if ever, is the time for consolidation of existing legislation, the establishment of a single list of houses of national concern, and the appointment of some central agency to co-ordinate public policy in this field.

It was such reflections that led Sir Ernest Gowers and his colleagues to propose the creation of an Historic Buildings Council, as a statutory body, to take responsibility for the preservation of such buildings, to absorb the National Buildings Record, to co-operate with the Royal Commissions on Ancient and Historical Monuments, and to become the central authority for advising Government Departments, planning bodies and the owners on all matters relating to historic buildings and their contents. The Government seems to have rejected this proposal out of hand, on the grounds that it would erode Ministerial responsibility and Parliamentary control of expenditure.

This is plain nonsense. The same argument exactly could have been made against the Festival of Britain, which involves ten times as much money. It is ludicrous to extend the argument against subsidising private owners to the point of refusing to have a proper public agency lest some private owners should be helped by it. If such an Historic Buildings Council existed, it might very well provide the Government with the means of escape from the dilemma it faces—either to help the occupiers or do the job itself if the houses are to be preserved at all. For once adequate statistical material is available, it is not only easier to see the size of the problem: it is also easier to suggest solutions.

Clearly, private occupation can continue where the owner has sufficient resources and the wish to carry on. The National Trust scheme is admirable in some cases. The purchase of suitable houses by Ministries or local authorities can proceed, wherever the premises are suitable for conversion into public institutions, or cultural centres, as long as safeguards are provided against artistic outrages, of which there have been some examples. The same is true of purchase by private groups, with the object of conversion into hotels. Where houses and contents, separately or together, select themselves for preservation, and the public purse is drawn upon, it is right that there should be some form of public ownership and exhibition. The essence of the difficulty is the house that is historically or architecturally marginal, that is too remote for practical purposes—some of the Welsh and Scottish castles, for example—or that is hopelessly unsuitable for conversion. If we knew just how many such houses there were, if we were informed about their present condition, if they could be classified by a series of established standards, and if some careful study were made of their alternative uses, hard-headed decisions about preservation could be made. But unless we have a central and responsible agency to do this, piecemeal solutions will continue, the Government will dole out money in dribs and drabs, and the process of decay will go on.

A Socialist solution is not punitive dispossession of the old owners. Time and Estate Duty are doing that job remorselessly. It is to put these houses to the best social use. Until we know what the possible uses are, and until the discussion is centred upon that point, the important issue will be swamped in an irrelevant dispute about subsidies.

NORMAN MACKENZIE.

South of the Line

II. The Great City of Goli

PEOPLE say that early in the morning, if you come upon it from the north, the Witwatersrand is clothed in a gentle white mist, and this is why the old Boer trekkers called the Rand the "Ridge of White Waters." That was long ago, long even before the first diggers hurried up with their anxious spades and sieves, before Solly Joel and Cecil Rhodes and civilisation burst upon South Africa: the Rand, as everybody knows, soon lost all title to this pure and gentle name. There is nothing gentle about the sharpened dumps of yellow rock that cut the skyline all along the Reef, nor about the ugly nerve-wracked conurbation that is called Johannesburg. The Rand nowadays would be glaringly melodramatic for its sense of violence and the threat of violence—if the melodrama were not backed with genuine fear. Johannesburg is a city of locks and bars and bolted windows; in many parts of the Reef it is no joke for any man, Black or White, to take a stroll after dark; and crimes of violence are an everyday affair. The fear of violence seems to be felt by everyone—of violence by crime or by police repression, of individual violence to-day and the general violence that "is bound to come in the end if things go on as they are"—and everyone, in more or less degree, seems oppressed by it.

The gold of the Rand was never easy to win, for a ton of rock will scarcely yield an ounce. But the drama of the Rand, which is the concentrated drama of all South Africa, lies about in nuggets on the surface, for anyone to pick up. The interplay of caste and class that confuses every issue in southern Africa reaches on the Rand a fury and intenseness that are both wonderful and horrible. It is as if the whole history of human exploitation were lifted from its varied context and compressed into one place and time. Never was the naked cash nexus more naked than this.

"Over the banks of the Vaal," runs a Zulu song, "we came to the great city of Goli." In the mining compounds of the Rand there is at any one time a force of between 300,000 and 350,000 Africans who have come to Goli to dig for gold; and they come from almost every part of central and southern Africa. They slip across the border from Angola and the Belgian Congo for recruitment by the agents of the Gold Producers' Committee. They journey from Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia (but not from Southern Rhodesia, which permits no recruitment, having mines of its own); they are rounded up and sent across the frontier from Portuguese East in their tens of thousands (the Portuguese colonial government taking for itself a third of their average *annual* earnings of about £40 each). They are driven by debt and the sheer need of a little hard cash they cannot earn at home, by the vague desire to get themselves somehow or other into the modern world, by a lust for strangeness and adventure; and they come from all the tribes of the Union. They dig for gold with an individual productivity that is four or five times greater than fifty years ago; yet their cash wages are under twenty shillings a week. Goli, the city of gold, has them by the heels. The benevolence of British colonial administration, which imposes money obligations they cannot hope to meet by staying at home, is ably parallelled by the benevolence of the South African administration; and the whole of rural Africa to the south of the Equator has become a reservoir for the sweated labour without which, according to the Gold Producers' Committee, this mineral could not be mined.

Other Africans come to Goli, and come to

stay. In 1935, the gross value of manufactured goods in the Union was about £150 millions; last year it was £225 millions. African and Coloured workers crowd into urban and industrial jobs. While the Nationalists practise deliberately the policy of racial oppression which the United Party has always practised at random, the growth of industry brings Black and White into a co-operation which makes indescribably wasteful what was at one time merely cruel. Without African and Coloured labour, industry in South Africa would collapse to-morrow; and the Nationalists, who defied the United Party and the Gold Producers' Committee in order to establish industry in South Africa, now dimly realise that they have cut the ground from under their own feet. They prate of "White civilisation" and yet prepare the way, contradicting themselves at every step, for Black civilisation. And the process, which is immeasurably painful, is nowhere better seen than in Johannesburg.

It is not only Africans who enter the modern world through the grim gates of Goli; sons and daughters of the *platteland*, no longer able to hive off from patriarchal families and "flee their neighbour's smoke" by trekking into the wilderness and carving out apiece ten thousand acres for their sustenance, are also here in their multitudes. They bring with them the old hard-bitten racialism of the Boers and a great ignorance of history and humanity; but, willy-nilly, they, too, are thrown into the great machine. When they find enlightened leaders, as they sometimes do, they slough off much of their ignorance and prejudice; and some of the best trade unionists in South Africa, and the most hated by the Nationalists, are the sons and daughters of Afrikaner families. When they find bad leaders, as they usually do, they lose all sense of reality except the reality of White domination.

The great city of Goli has many lessons for the stranger. Here in this stronghold of the United Party, where the slums of a new industrialism breed disease and crime on a scale unparalleled in history, it can be clearly seen that the central problem of South Africa is not the neurotic racialism of the Nationalists so much as the refusal of the White population as a whole to face its own situation. The Nationalist leaders have at least a theory of racial segregation, futile and dishonest though it is; and this theory recognises the need for the social and economic development of the Africans. But the United Party, a shambling coalition of almost all the English-speaking interests of the Union (and of a minority of Afrikaners), has traditionally refused to recognise this need even in theory. It is only now, in the adversity of opposition, that the non-Nationalists have dared to handle this dangerous and disreputable subject. Shackled by its ultimate allegiance to the Chamber of Mines and the desire for sweated labour, the United Party has had little more than empty words and phrases with which to fight *Apartheid*.

Except for a little band of enlightened Whites on the Left—the men most aimed at by the so-called Suppression of Communism Act—there is no segment of the White community which at present seems prepared to face the inevitable consequences of the African entry into industry and urban life on a massive scale. Though civilisation cuts a poor enough figure in South Africa, the word is nowhere more widely used. The determination to preserve White supremacy, no matter what the cost to the Africans or even to the Whites, has acquired the force and features of an obsession. It is as little realistic to "blame" the beneficiaries of sweated labour and of White supremacy as it was to look for a sense of guilt in the factory employers of little children in the England of a hundred years ago. Yet the sense of guilt emerges soon enough if only one has patience; in the Nationalists it takes the form of brandy and Bible-thumping and of endless discussion of *Apartheid*—a recent speech by Verwoerd, Minister for Native Affairs, occupied more than four hours—and in the non-Nationalists, English and Afrikaner alike, it emerges in a general feeling of instability and apprehension. The Whites of South Africa seem mostly an unhappy lot in spite of their material wealth; and they tend to talk about their problems with the energy and persistence of frightened people whistling in the dark.

The Africans, as far as one can tell, come off a good deal better. Their physical conditions are always bad and often terrible, but their nerves are stronger. Though frequently maddened by frustration and by organised contempt, they seem to know that they are going to survive. In conversation they are surprisingly amused and patient, especially when they are not "intellectuals." The notion that the multitudes of slum-dwelling Africans around Johannesburg are sharpening their knives for St. Bartholomew's Eve is probably as wrong as the notion that they are dumb and servile creatures who look for nothing more than mere existence. Though abominably handicapped, they move by slow steps towards political organisation and political action. They show themselves increasingly capable of self-discipline in times of crisis. (In the great bus boycott of 1943, for instance, thousands of workers walked in an orderly manner for twenty miles a day for more than a fortnight rather than pay an extra penny on the fare.) Though they must face inhuman treatment in the process, they continue to move out of their rural areas. They watch the dogfight between Afrikaner and English-speaking South African with an amused indifference. They rejoice when the North Koreans chase the White men across the 38th Parallel. They learn about Nkrumah and the Gold Coast. And they continue to come to the great city of Goli with a sure and steady pace as if they know that "White civilisation," no matter how much it hates and despises them, cannot keep them down for ever.

Johannesburg, May. BASIL DAVIDSON

Knife Edge

CIVILISATION, someone said, can be assessed by the degree to which its weights and measures are scrupulously just—an inspiring dogma for the inquisitive reporter. The trouble is that any journey of exploration in quest of perfect justice in the House of Libra has an embarrassing number of possible starting points. You can begin, if you wish, with the beqa standard, the wooden balance-beams and stone weights of King Neterket (*c.* 3000 B.C.), the bronze lion-weights of Tiglath-Pileser, and the counterpoised bismar (still used in backward countries) which Aristotle knew. Or, renouncing ancient history in favour of Britain's Industrial Revolution, you can start with the late 18th Century Birmingham, where James Ford and his fellow-craftsmen in Digbeth made "stilliards" based broadly on the old Roman pattern. Or, finally, you can make your starting-point that little-publicised but socially important building in Chapter Street, Westminster, where the Standards Department of the Board of Trade guards zealously the lawful Imperial Pound and Yard and co-ordinates the enforcement by local authorities of checks to ensure that, within the ambit of "trade," the scales are not weighted, by accident or design, against either buyer or seller.

In this case, as some say of politics, the choice of a middle way between Egyptology and the contemporary Inspectorate of Weights and Measures may serve best. For it is in the old Soho Foundry, built in 1796 by Matthew Boulton and James Watt, that to-day an enterprise coeval in its orgin with those early industrial pioneers, though it is now a large-scale, highly mechanised organisation, serves the conception of the just weight. The firm of W. & T. Avery, Ltd., which can trace lineal descent from the 18th-Century Digbeth craftsmen—Ford, Barton and Thomas Beach—moved into the Soho Foundry in 1895, there to develop their business of making weighing machines, for which demand had been much stimulated by the Act of 1878. To-day, relics of the Old Order still remain. In a row of cottages, just inside the gates, a plaque commemorates the fact that William Murdock, of gas-light fame, lived at No. 13 while employed in the Foundry. In one shop, a wall planing machine, designed originally for Boulton's adjacent Soho Manufactury, still operates. You can still see where the huge screw engines for the "Great Eastern" were built in 1857; and in the foundry itself, though now there are electric overhead cranes and so forth, no great stretch of imagination is needed to picture the days when, under Watt's supervision, ancestors of the present workers, wearing then the traditional paper caps, busied themselves with the castings that fume from the greensand floor.

There is much, however, which would make James Watt rub his eyes. This is not an Americanised, conveyor-belt factory: long runs are handled at the firm's other works in Yorkshire; and here production is organised in batches. But, with the plant called on to fill the needs of a catalogue the size of the family Bible, the visitor is staggered at the complexity of this smoothly running organisation. Here, among the several thousand workers, for the most part highly skilled, is a multiplicity of trades—draughtsmen, pattern makers and moulders, foundrymen, toolmakers and machinists, welders and tin-smiths, die-casters and platers, painters and porcelain enamellers, assemblers and checkers—to say nothing of the metallurgists and chemists in the laboratories. And the output serves an equal multiplicity of users' needs.

In one corner craftsmen are assembling fine balances capable of weighing accurately half the leg of a small fly; nearby, others are putting the finishing touches to a recorder weighbridge which can register up to sixty tons with its compound leverage, yet is balanced so nicely on the knife edge that it will oscillate horizontally at a finger's touch. There are railway platform scales for weighing luggage; complicated machines for reckoning the weight of flowing grain or coal; scales that count by weight such things as nails or screws; scales that tell you if Mr. Webb's meat ration is taking toll of your personal weight; and —most numerous of all—a whole range of counter scales. Some are simple affairs worked with old-fashioned weights; others have self-indicating dials of different types, which show to both buyer and seller the weight of the goods and, in some cases, the price for a given poundage. These, from the shop-keeper's point of view, are expensive gadgets: they cost anything from £20 to £100; but their convenience is obvious and, considering the acme of precision with which they are made, the price does not seem high. If you want really to spread yourself in the Soho Foundry, and your banker is co-operative, the real outlets for big expenditure lie among the elaborate machines which apply tests of hardness, torsion, metal-fatigue and so forth, or perform the strange feat known as dynamic balancing.

You leave the Soho Foundry with two dominant impressions. The first is that, so far as strict *invention* is concerned, most of the principles on which society now relies for this test of civilisation were thought of an astonishingly long time ago. The system of levers supporting a platform in such a way that the ultimate leverage is always the same, no matter where the load is placed—a principle embodied in most modern weighbridges and platform scales—was devised in the 18th Century by John Wyatt, who is supposed to have worked in the Soho Manufactury. The principle of beam, legs and stays, which is the basis of many contemporary scales, was discovered by Gilles de Roberval in 1669, and the idea of the self-indicating dial came, earlier still, from the brain of Leonardo da Vinci.

The second impression is that craftsmanship, *plus* modern machine tools, equals a miracle. The fine balance which Dr. Black, the Scottish professor, made in 1755—it is tempting to speculate whether James Watt did not help him—was a good enough instrument; but the modern precision balance, with its exquisitely designed beam, accurate planes and triple, perfect knife edges, is demonstrably better. Above all, though compound levers, pendulum balances, resistant units and the rest were thought of long before James Watt made his first steam engine, the mass production of commercial scales which are accurate to 1/1800, is a remarkable testimony to what man, the tool-using animal, can do.

It remains for society to ensure that this skill is not abused by traders' negligence or dishonesty. Modern scale-makers maintain their own servicing organisations to check the possibility of their machines developing errors; but their voluntary efforts are rightly supplemented by the 800-strong, municipally employed Inspectorate, whose work, as I have said, is co-ordinated from Chapter Street, S.W.1. As the custodians of the "Absolutes," the Standards Department of the Board of Trade has a two-fold task of verifying periodically the weights and measures with which inspectors work, and also of approving the patterns of all new types of weighing machines for use in the trade. Subject to previous approval of the patterns, it is the job of the Inspectorate to verify and stamp every machine which the factory produces and to inspect all machines in use, both annually (as a routine) and by surprise visits. Dealing, as they do, not only with scales but with petrol-pumps and the weight of pre-packed foodstuffs, the inspectors are a hard-working and meritorious corps who take a professional pride in their job. They are not out to manufacture criminals—though there are not a few to be found in street markets and among garage hands—and if their activities are occasionally criticised, as in the case of a recent prosecution of a street trader whose scales were found to give *over-weight*, critics must remember that the law is the law, and that scales can be used for buying as well as selling.

The work of this admirable Department received merited tribute in the recently published report of the Hodgson Committee (Cmd. 8219). Whether that Committee's main recommendation, that British units and standards should be metricised, will be implemented by the present Parliament is problematic—though one may still hope for early legislation to put a stop to the nefarious practice of selling good alcohol by fancy measures such as a "single" and, perhaps, to abolish those tiresome "apothecaries' rights." Many of the Committee's proposals for enlarging the Inspectorate's purview to include such things as personal weight scales and all equipment used in the trade by Government Departments are sound; and there is certainly need, not only for increasing the present penalties which magistrates award for underweight, but also for making "net weight" more widely the standard under which commodities are sold. Yet, in the end, the old adage "Let the buyer look out" still holds good. No matter how accurate the scales produced by Avery's and other makers, no matter how faithful and meticulous the work of the Inspectorate, there will always be that shop crowded with impatient customers so anxious to get home with the bacon or fish or what have you, that no one troubles to see whether the indicator has come decisively to rest before "2s. 4d., ma'am," is confidently claimed. There is always a human, an all-too-human, factor. AYLMER VALLANCE

Reform of the Law

"PRISONER at the bar, you stand convicted of felony: have you anything to say why the court should not give you judgment according to law?" The clerk of the court sits down; the prisoner, who had imagined everything admissible to have been included in his counsel's "plea in mitigation," clears his throat for a final, unexpected appeal; and the Judge (mercifully, as a rule, for the prisoner) proceeds to pass sentence before he can utter a syllable. It is obvious that, although there is much he could say "why the court should not give him judgment," he is not expected to say it. He is playing a dumb part in a vestigial piece of legal mumbo-jumbo, which survives only as a kind of incantation to lend the proceedings a little salutary mysticism.

It did not begin as an incantation. Seven hundred years ago a convicted felon who was asked if he had "anything to say" would know that the moment had come for him to fall on his knees and (if he was eligible for it) to plead "benefit of clergy." This consisted in the right of the clergy to freedom from the jurisdiction of the lay courts, to trial in ecclesiastical courts only. ("Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.") It began as the exclusive privilege of the priesthood, was extended to "clerics" generally, and at last came to include anyone who (not being a woman, for women had no chance anyway) could induce the court to believe that he could read and write. He usually did this by reading aloud the first verse of the 51st Psalm: "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions." If he could not read, an enterprising gaoler might teach him his "neck verse" for an unofficial fee of two shillings while they waited in the cells for the jury to come back; and in due course, holding the Bible before him as he knelt in the dock, he would recite and appear to be reading it.

Once the plea was sustained, the prisoner, if he was a priest, was handed over to the bishop and re-tried on the oath of twelve compurgators who swore he was speaking the truth (and he nearly always got off, though he could, in theory, be imprisoned in the bishop's palace for life); while if a layman, he was allowed to go, but the brawn of his left thumb was branded (M. for murder, T. for theft) to ensure that, unlike the priesthood, laymen should never be able to plead "benefit of clergy" more than once. The poor devil who was unable to read and could not speak, learn, or rake up two shillings for his elocution lesson was hanged, unless he was beheaded. The system went on for centuries, and to this day its formula is used in every court of assize and quarter sessions whenever a defendant is convicted of felony—but not of misdemeanour.

Mistakes are made. The empty formality of the thing leads to carelessness. Only the initiated know what is going on, though not even they could say what is the use of it all. And provided justice is done, you may think, only the smart-aleck regards the survival of these lifeless formulæ as of the slightest interest or importance?

But you can regard them as a symptom. They reflect the senile debility of much of the twentieth-century law of England—and they are nobody's business. No adequate official body is charged with the duty of keeping the law up to date. True, the Lord Chancellor's Statute Law Revision Committee has lately moved Parliament to give the *coup de grâce* to many lingering anachronisms, from an Act of George III "for vesting in James Watt, Engineer, the Sole Use and Property of certain Steam Engines of his Invention for a limited Time" to Bloody Mary's "Acte for declaring the Quene's Hyghness to have been borne in a most just and lawfull Matrimonie." But it can do nothing with the Common Law, and it is this that on the whole sustains the obsolete division of crimes into felonies (which include the theft of a bag of sweets) and misdemeanours (which include conspiracy to murder). It was not even found possible, when the 1948 Criminal Justice Bill was before Parliament, to include a clause abolishing the ancient distinctions between felony and misdemeanour: the problem was "too complicated." So it is still the case that for felony, but not for misdemeanour, you can at Common Law be arrested on suspicion without a warrant, can be charged as an accessory before or after the fact, must be present in person at your trial, can lose your office or your pension, can be refused a justices' licence to keep a pub—and must be rhetorically asked, on conviction, whether you have anything to say.

"The reason why so much of our English law is out of date," according to a "ginger" group of the Society of Labour Lawyers in a hard-hitting book* just published, "is that nobody has ever been entrusted with the job of looking after it." And having illustrated by means of copious instances, including the felony-misdemeanour anomaly, that "most of the older law under which the great majority of the transactions of everyday life are carried out is nobody's business," they demand a Ministry of Justice—

> to keep under review the whole of our law, to make arrangements for investigating and reporting upon any section of it which seems not to be fulfilling the present needs of the community, and to see that in due course proposals for legislative reform are brought before parliament.

This alone will make *Reform of the Law* a deservedly unpopular book among lawyers, who dislike change of most kinds and detest Ministries of any kind. But when Jeremy Bentham's idea of a Ministry of Justice comes to fruition (as I believe it eventually will), and proves no more disastrous than the Factories Acts, railway development, votes for women, or the Festival of Britain, there will at least be someone to be cursed and prodded into activity when hoary absurdities come to light in the purlieus of the law. At the moment there is no one.

In 215 pages, *Reform of the Law* covers a huge course at breakneck speed: codification, the legal profession, tribunals, civil liberties (this part is unexpectedly brief and modest), contract and tort, master and servant, property, marriage, crime. Doing much damage on the course—away with the House of Lords, with wigs and gowns

* *Reform of the Law.* Edited by Glanville Williams. *Gollancz.* 18s.

and K.C.s and all the anomalies in procedure and the multiplicity of quotable law reports—it leaves you with the feeling that not much is right with the law at the moment; it has actually damaged a powerful case here and there by over-statement. But there is not so much right with the law that we can afford to ignore so outspoken a book from its practitioners. Such, indeed, is the embattled conservatism of lawyers at large that a broadside like this from the Inns of Court themselves should evoke angry cheers from the populace. I'm still cheering. C. H. ROLPH

The Jungle and the Oil

OPPOSITE the Governor's house in Bandjarmassin, capital of South Kalimantan, I boarded the small motor boat which was to take us miles and miles up the River Barito. It is so long and so broad that it could provide electricity for the whole country. We first passed along the Kwin Canal, the quietest shopping centre I've ever seen. For all the shops were on *polder* houses facing the canal, and all the shoppers were in boats. The water was crowded with small craft carrying supplies—coconuts, brightly coloured textiles, frying pans and kettles and fruit of all kinds. I saw restaurants travelling up the canal with dishes of rice and fish and meat, all very tempting and clean; travelling refreshment bars with trays of lemonade and orange crush which is as popular here as Coca-Cola in Japan; boats with trays of small cakes, boats with furniture and one modest boat with six packets of cigarettes. We drew up against a boat of bananas and purchased a bunch—not, as I discovered, in my honour but for a special purpose.

We were on the way to the Island of Flowers, to visit the shrine of an ancient King of Bandjarmassin. We alighted at a very homely affair—a pier of rusty corrugated iron resting perilously on four bamboo poles. The silence of dense jungle was suddenly shattered by the hullos of my companions. On the way they had asked me, as many Indonesians have done, how a Labour Government can tolerate a Monarchy, so that I could hardly believe they were now invoking the spirit of one of their own Kings! They were, in fact, screaming invitations to the monkeys which inhabit the island. Hence the bananas! But other visitors had been to the shrine earlier that morning—Chinese, the local guardian told us, who had come to ask for blessings on their business. I saw no monkeys, no flowers. Just mosquitoes and mosquitoes. The bananas were left on the torn piece of bamboo matting which covered the floor. . . .

The most fantastic war painting by Graham Sutherland seems like a natural landscape compared with Balikpapan (East Kalimantan), the oil-refining centre of Royal Dutch Shell, known as the B.P.M. In the foreground, the greyish blue sea. On the horizon, huge rust-red iron cracking plants, crumpled now like paper. Feathery *alang-alang* grasses waved against the wrecked retorts, and the remains of generators looked like the gongs which stand outside every Mosque. You can drive through a lane of scrap iron. You can almost watch the green jungle growing over enormous red oil tanks.

The Dutch engineer who escorted me through this weird iron jungle was one of only three survivors of the 84 B.P.M. employees who destroyed the plant on January 20, 1942. The Japanese were only a few miles away. As soon as the Japanese entered, 78 Dutchmen were taken down to the beach and shot. Allied bombing in 1945 destroyed such plant as the Japanese rebuilt.

To-day Balikpapan is a brand-new town. Between the wrecks, enormous grey, silver and white oil tanks glitter in tropical sunshine. There are red "agitators," the picturesque word for tanks where oil is treated with sulphuric acid to improve its colour; and, to the unscientifically-minded visitor, the trays of paraffin wax look like enormous dishes of ice-cream. On the hills around, with a great deal of imagination, the B.P.M. has built over 2,000 modern houses, with hospital, school and cinema. I happened to mention this housing estate later to an Indonesian friend who had worked for B.P.M. in pre-war days. He was surprised to hear that they were built for Indonesians, since, he said, the worst aspect of the oil company in his days was the differentiation between Indonesian and Dutch employees, both in wages and in living conditions. There is no doubt of the changes to-day. Yet production figures are very low, there is a good deal of thieving, and the army and police have not yet cleared up some of the robbers in the surrounding forests. How much these activities are political, and how much just gangsterism, I could never find out. But I suspect that, in spite of the genuine and realistic policy of the Dutch administrative and technical staff, many of the workers still regard them as the White lords of the hillside. . . .

English is fashionable out here. The Government has made it the first foreign language, and within five years, it will have taken the place of Dutch throughout the administration. Meanwhile, as I've had the good fortune to see for myself, from Medan (North Sumatra) to Menado (North Sulawesi) many people already use English words. "Moonlight," "Red Rose," "Good Time" and "Happy Land" are all popular names for cafés. The buses which bring down spinach and beans, onions and chilis, pineapples and bananas from the cooler spots near Menado are named "Goodwill" and "Holy Day"—a reflection perhaps of the fact that this area is 90 per cent. Christian. The pedicab boys adopt such names as "Glamour," "Boy and Lady" for their vehicles. I liked best the sign outside a man's shop at the entrance to the road where Dr. Hatta used to live in Bukki Tinggi. "Honest Tailor," it said, written just like that, leaving you to guess whether "honest" was a noun or an adjective. Anyhow, no one need hesitate about coming to this country because they don't yet speak Bahasa Indonesia.

Djakarta. DOROTHY WOODMAN

Battersea Revels

EVERY Londoner has his park: mine, for a decade or so, has been Battersea. There, one winter afternoon, with the snow falling, I encountered the gentleman on one of the public benches reading a newspaper. He crackled his sheet irritably at my approach. Such at-homeness, even in the balms of summer, I have never pretended to; though I might have, along curving avenues, ridden a bicycle (not, I think, a horse), played chess under a tree shade and cricket on the green, taken tea in the pleasantly modern-looking pavilion, fed the deer, explored the mysterious lake, and enjoyed late sunsets along the Thames side; nothing has prevented me except inertia. Laziness and aestheticism frequently go together. From my own side of the river I have enjoyed the Battersea prospect. How delectable an ease, to anyone dustily padding along the Embankment, is conveyed by its wide green frontier! Such the view: why intrude on it? Yet from time to time I, a North-banker, have crossed to spy out ways, and catch glimpses of runners round a track, avenues, gardens, a no-man's land of allotments and ex-Army rubble. And during the late Spring more than once I found myself drawn to the hammerings, gougings, cursings and splashings in the mud that preluded the Festival. At night these preparations would continue distantly under arc-lights to motivate a habitually dark shore.

I couldn't then (and how the rains niggled at one!) see any kind of Exhibition emerging. Yet it has. It has sprung up, high and light and gay and dry. It has—if as a people we would more frankly acknowledge our pleasures when we meet them—given us the pleasantest shock of our lives. Can it really be ours? The trees rustle, the passenger boats glide, lattice and board and wire introduce fantasy and order, families sit out at snacks usually circumscribed by steamy tiles, and over the summits (should we look back to make certain it's still all there) rise the chimneys of the inscrutable Power Station, as above snap of rifle and ding of bell comes the far plunging shriek of the Dipper. We have grown so accustomed to putting up good shows that a better one makes us wonder and blink. Meanwhile, the Parade has led us on past theatre and amphitheatre to the vantage point of the Grand Vista; and there, suddenly, extraordinarily, we are! This is something as beautifully far-fetched as the onion domes at Brighton. How have Messrs. Piper and Lancaster, with their diverse talents, whistled up so airy and yet palpable a creation of towers, canals, obelisks, fountains, and arcades as here meet the eye? Chinese red starts the senses moving; mock-marble has been made to swirl; figures sketched in wire outline their gestures gracefully against the sky. It's the thousand and second Arabian Night, the opium dream waiting for Edward Lear.

In the courts of Coromandel . . .

Up and down we gaze, quickly becoming (in tribute to one of the designers) subjects for a pocket cartoon. "Makes you hungry, doesn't it?" says a fat man, how relevantly one can't for the moment decide.

Imagination, style, allure: for their sake one will bow to the souvenirs on trays and the advertising robot who revolves his eyebrows, or drink another cup of coffee one could do without. Yes, there can be no question about it: the Grand Vista is a celestial triumph. If the summer goes on as agreeably as it promises, I should gladly occupy there in the evenings a chair till the snows come. It would be an expansive pleasure. Rarely to-day do artists communicate themselves except by taking us aside, in print, in the concert hall or art gallery. Here the appeal is public, the common ground entertainment. Without a hitch or a regret we move naturally from the Grand Vista to dodgem cars and goldfish in bowls and Niagara indoors and the hall of mirrors and that new spine-tickler of the fairground, the Rotor.

Do you know the Rotor? One pays 1s. 6d. to join the queue travelling up a long spiral corridor; after five minutes the top is reached, and now we find ourselves peering into a deep well, and the serpentine queue ahead of us stretches endlessly about and down screw-wise towards a small bright cylinder in which a score of men and girls are spinning round, spreadeagled on the wall of their cage. Tortured for fun they present a variety of afflictions: one seems just to have plunged from some high window and to have been caught head first by the camera; another endures mild crucifixion; two lovers, curiously superimposed, clutch at ankles and elbows; and a guardsman at attention makes efforts to retrieve his cap from an invisible peg overhead. The revolution ceases, a floor looms up, the victims grin, stretch their legs and depart; and again the long, slow spiral descent of the onlookers is resumed to the regimentation of dance tunes and orders to clap, clap, clap the rail as we go. Then there's a pause, while the little torture chamber below begins to turn with a fresh batch of victims. One's

chief terror in this Well of Dizziness is lest inevitably, from being an onlooker, one should be sucked into the agony of performance. In the end it's a near thing, but we just escape (all except the lunatic fear) and grope our way out dis-Belsened, to suck pink rock or cuddle a chimpanzee. We can drift back to flower gardens and the Grand Vista.

The evening, of course, is the best time, so that we see everything twice, by daylight and illumination, and through the delectable in-between. The lights, crowned at the end with fireworks, tell quite a new story: emerald and brown foliage, floodlit pylons, thin bright traceries, a flower-bed dazzling like a Bond Street jeweller's, and along the river the suspension bridge pricked out in strings of lamps. The visitor looking about for things he may have missed should certainly direct his steps towards two. One is the Grotto (designed by Guy Shepperd), close by the Grand Vista and appending a footnote or subterranean postcript to its fantasy. It comprises for a modest 6d. caves with glass stalagmites and waterfalls, phosphorescent rock corridors, whimsical aquaria, all steeped in dank perfume and accompanied by a wind-in-the-chimney music. The other nook worth searching out is the fairground's pond with chugging motor-boats: on its shore is a pretty fishing village, one Muscovite duck (don't be alarmed) shares the waters with us, and after dusk comes the glare over the trees and the final swish of rockets, dropping red and green tinctures and golden fern. Then our boat number is called undeniably—a call we have been resisting for some minutes—and we trail home with that full-and-empty delight that comes from a Chinese meal or a Festival night. Battersea is dark again.

G. W. STONIER

The Arts and Entertainment

LANSBURY

"HERE, at Lansbury," says the guide to the Exhibition of architecture at Poplar, "can be seen what is being *done* to-day." What is being done is not overwhelmingly impressive. There are some rather ordinary blocks of flats and rows of houses, a clever but too emaciated church with a toy tower, a good school, and an experiment in the way of a shopping centre which has pedestrian access only. It is not exciting but it is important, and worth close attention, because here is the first realisation of a formula for urban re-development which appears to have great merit. Here, conceivably, may be the first step towards the redemption of our disgusting cities. Lansbury is unimposing but not unpromising.

The general idea is the redevelopment of a "neighbourhood" as envisaged in the Abercrombie-Forshaw plan of 1943. The old street-pattern is wiped out and a new pattern, with fewer streets, imposed; houses and flats are loosely and agreeably mixed, there is fluent adequacy of open space, and churches and schools are well sited. As very little of the neighbourhood has yet been built up and as blitzed houses still jut into the site, one carries away an imperfect impression. Lansbury, in fact, needs two visits—one now and another about this time next year.

The completed dwellings include three-storey blocks of flats and a longish row of small houses. It is curious to compare the latter with the blitzed rows surviving on the site and dating from the 1830s onwards. They are really very like each other. The old houses, the work, probably, of a drunken bricklayer, subcontracting for a shark, are no less pleasant in design than the new houses by the distinguished architect and scholar of garden-design, Mr. G. H. Jellicoe. The dregs of classical tradition embody a principle to which, in a revolutionised context, we justly return. The rooms in the old houses are indecently small, in the new houses just large enough to be decent. It was amusing, incidentally, to see that in one of the blitzed houses the two wretched kennels on the ground floor had actually been built (somewhere around 1840) with folding doors between them, as though for some macabre *soirée* of dwarfs. Not much more horrible, I suppose, than the bracketed and mirrored mantelpieces crammed into sitting-rooms north of Golders Green, as little as twenty years ago. In Mr. Jellicoe's carefully planned and fitted interiors it is pleasant to reflect that we may conceivably, at long last, have outlived the age when the art of city-building was reducible to the art of selling bad houses to fools.

The Market Place or Shopping Centre, designed by Mr. Frederick Gibberd, is a challenging departure. No traffic enters it and the shops are recessed under the buildings, arcade-wise. In the free-enterprise world of yesterday these two attributes would have spelt utter disaster, for the Londoner's instinct is to seek the best shops in the noisiest thoroughfares. The Lansbury Market Place presumably cannot fail, for in a completely controlled neighbourhood there will be nowhere else for people to shop. Unless, indeed, the old instinct for marketing in noise and glare impels them to register exclusively at shops up and down the East India Dock Road. The design of the Market Place is not quite as good as one expects from Mr. Gibberd, and it looks as if, in seeking to supply incident in the elevations, he has lost sight of the more important consideration of a general harmony; the pictorially striking curved entry from Grundy Street would surely have been incident enough for so modest a composition.

Probably the best building on the site is the Ricardo Street Primary School. It is not, apparently, open without previous arrangement and I judge it only from the outside, and from peeps through its ample glazing into an adventurous staircase hall; the class-rooms I have not seen. The architects of this building are Yorke, Rosenberg and Mardall, whose school at Stevenage is one of the show-pieces of post-war English architecture. Their style might be described as Central European, 1930, and they do it well; though whether it is the real answer to the problem of blitzed Poplar, 1951, I much doubt. Mr. Gibberd's approach, though less adept, is likely to be more fruitful.

Part of the site is allocated to the Festival enclosure. This is a temporary exhibition in the manner of the South Bank, very charmingly done, gay, theatrical, west-endy and neither over-large nor over-ambitious. Near the entrance, a bisected speculative villa of the most loathsome kind, "Gremlin Grange," creaks, cracks and dribbles as an object-lesson in recent architectural history. The Building Research Pavilion follows, with more object-lessons, some so powerfully demonstrated that their almost naïf simplicity is rather disappointing. Years ago, as a first-year architectural student, it seemed to me that no grave disaster would ensue if common rafters were spaced rather more than 14 inches apart. I was right. The Building Research Station has proved it; and here are models, great and small, to demonstrate the validity and consequences of this momentous discovery.

In the Town Planning Pavilion again, there is some embarrassing over-insistence on the obvious and a considerable effort of will is needed to follow the gambits of the display artists to their ludicrously simple conclusions. A screen dedicated to a day in the life of a baby, a child, an adolescent and an adult, consists of a series of doll's house tableaux, co-ordinated with sinister-looking clocks which, as they flash round a miniature day, illuminate each tableau in turn. Clever: but hardly worth the trouble of watching, since the information gained is commonplace and could better be conveyed in fifty lines of lucid prose. This is a misuse of display. It challenges the visitor to brace himself for a communication of some import, then tells him that a mouse is a mouse. There is too much of this kind of thing, both here and at the South Bank. Display is defeating its own ends.

The best thing in the Town Planning Pavilion is a large, lively model of a reconstructed town-centre, on very ordinary conservative principles. "Too good to be true," I heard a Cockney visitor murmur. It is, of course, not too good to be true; but nobody will believe that, until it has been done so often that it has become far too true to be good. It will take more than Lansbury to break down the average Englishman's conviction that architecture is expensive nonsence, better left to foreigners, and with no conceivable relevance to his own conditions of life.

From Lansbury as a whole, a new neighbourhood in progress, emerges a highly important principle—the public exhibition of live architecture. Not only in Festivaltide, but every summer there should be an exhibition of this kind, spotlighting the latest and best in all those kinds of architecture which affect the ordinary man. Future exhibitions should be better than Lansbury; but as a beginning Lansbury deserves more praise than it is getting—and far more visitors.

JOHN SUMMERSON

ALDEBURGH

SUCCESS has not robbed the Aldeburgh Festival of its unique character. The visiting performers may be brilliant, but the local flavour remains strong, genius is fringed with a pleasing informality and a world-famous virtuoso plays in a Jubilee Hall whose clock is permanently stuck at a quarter to one. The audience, trickling through the lane that leads round the hall to the sea-wall and the shingle, declare emphatically that this is what music ought to be like—that never, for instance, have they more enjoyed a Mozart piano concerto. And, in this case, they are not yielding to the sentimental English preference for versatility and simplicity *versus* professionalism: the performance of Mozart's F major concerto (K.459) was indeed memorably beautiful.

It looks as though these chamber performances of Mozart's piano concertos will become an annual event at Aldeburgh. Benjamin Britten sits at a piano with his back to the audience, playing the solo passages in the clean, shapely and utterly musical style we expect from his song accompaniments, and conducting just as much as is necessary. On his right sit the wood-wind; on his left the strings, eleven all told. In these Mozartian conditions we hear absolutely everything that Mozart wrote; nothing is swamped or smudged; flute and oboe sing out their cantilena passages with something of the power and immediacy of a human soprano. In the first movement the soloist sometimes inclined to quicken the speed which he himself had set; but equilibrium was soon regained, and the Allegretto and concluding Presto could scarcely have been surpassed. Before the concerto we had the rare and tenderly beautiful Adagio and Rondo, K.617 (an ideal Festival choice), with the glass-harmonica part played by Britten on a dulcitone, whose soft, throaty gurgles seemed just what one would expect from "the musical glasses."

The same programme included one of Mozart's greatest works, the Sinfonia Concertante for Violin and Viola, played by Manoug Parikian and William Primrose. Here, not even Britten's musicianship could secure a smooth and well-integrated performance. The unassimilable element was Mr. Primrose, whose devotion to the Festival is unquestionable, as is also his popularity with the audience. Yet I found his playing often deficient in musical feeling, and his tone hard and thrusting, with over-heavy accentuation. In the two Brahms songs with viola obbligato (admittedly rather undersung by Flora Nielsen) his forceful style of playing upset the balance and destroyed the tender, reflective character of the music. In Milhaud's *Sonatine Provençale*, and in the viola obbligato to Janacek's quaint and laconic *Nursery Rhymes*, Mr. Primrose's incisive tone was much more in place.

The Janacek, Milhaud and Brahms pieces occurred in an amusingly unconventional Serenade Concert, in which the principal performers were an efficient female choir called the Northgatean

Singers. Imogen Holst conducted them in a set of six part-songs, with harp accompaniment, to doggerel verses of Keats; she is at present much under the influence of Britten's style, which she has used with much ingenuity and charm to convey the jocular mood of the chosen poems.

By Handel's *Jephtha* I must own that I was often bored. There are great moments; but the oratorio suffers from the fatal flaw of beginning long before the action begins, and ending long after the action is over. Neither complaint could be made of E. M. Forster's unfinished novel of 1914, *Arctic Summer*, from which he read to us some five chapters which seemed no less sensitive and entertaining than *Where Angels Fear to Tread*. He plunges at once into an *echt*-Forster plot of English tourists abroad, an accident averted by a laconic young soldier, and a rich scene of social comedy which results from this encounter. Just as the essential idea of the novel came into sight, the novelist abandoned it as unworkable. The audience, listening for an hour and three quarters of a hot afternoon to this "world-*deuxième*" (as the author calls it, having once before read the manuscript to a single friend), was left with an irrational hope that even now the enchanting fragment might be completed, or at any rate published. It is much too good to be reburied.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

TWO BRITISH PAINTERS

MR. Louis Le Brocquy's one-man show at Gimpel Fils is important. It includes three good tapestries and a large painting, called *The Family*, which establishes Le Brocquy—born in 1916—as one of the most interesting British painters of his generation. His style has developed since he painted his tinkers. He still uses roughly the same alphabet of visual images (created by Picasso and taught by Adler), his attitude to his subject matter is still predominately romantic and human, but because his purpose is now more exact, a new finesse of drawing and design has enabled him to introduce a quite unsentimental tenderness into his work. This is not expressed in literary but in formal, almost architectural, terms. In *The Family*, for instance, the feeling of intimacy between the mother, father and child does not depend on gentle gestures but on their absolutely accurate placing and on their lines of movement, implied in a semi-cubist way by their extending and intersecting planes. As in a building the painting's atmosphere depends on the spatial tension between the rising column of the woman's neck, the wonderfully observed thrust in the curve of the man's back and the flat walls of the sheet on the bed. Most of the other pictures are patient studies for this large one which is worth looking at for a long time; its true effect is subtle whereas its faults are obvious. The planes are occasionally "cut off" too suddenly and at too sharp an angle so that they look brittle like sheets of glass. The distortions, although based on an understanding of the mechanism of each limb or feature, are sometimes *emotionally* inappropriate—and therefore strike one as almost comic. But such is the overall honesty of the picture that after a while one suspends disbelief.

At the Redfern Gallery Mr. Michael Ayrton's forty paintings and drawings also show a development, or at least a change of style. Their colour is softer and their tonal contrasts are less violent. He is an intelligent artist who has something urgent to say; nevertheless one feels that he is only incidentally a painter. It is perhaps significant that before a picture of a desperate man in front of a mirror, which reflects a girl's head and a nude, one is reminded of the last scenes of Jean Gabin in *Le Jour se Lève*. Like a film director, Ayrton is concerned with intensifying the reality, the meaning of the carefully assembled details of a moment—not, like a painter, with the permanent meaning of appearances. Some of his pictures are like "stills" and they fail, not because they are too literary, but because they clench their meaning so tightly and emphasize their particulars so insistently that they lack within themselves any ease or space in which to grow. The spectator is moved by the mute talking with his hands, by the sad Negro or by the magnificent swing of the standard-bearers' flags, but after this first impact he can go no further because every line and shape has already been exploited to the full for the expression of that first momentary climax. The painting of the hand of the man in front of the mirror is very expressive of his anguish; but as a series of shapes it is unsatisfactory and as a rendering of the real construction of a hand it is unconvincing. It is not a painting of a hand which happens to be clutching—but of the clutch itself. Finally, this means that Ayrton's work lacks the very sense of compassion which obviously inspires it. His best pictures are of subjects which, being in themselves more relaxed, have naturally a looser, easier unity—a portrait of a girl in a yellow room, a romantic landscape, a drawing of two lovers.

JOHN BERGER

RADIO NOTES

I AM inclined to think the six-part production of *The Dynasts* the finest thing, outside the realm of music at any rate, that the Third has yet done. For this Hardy himself was doubtless mainly responsible, but the medium certainly added something. Great works written in other forms almost inevitably lose much of their quality when adapted for radio; the result of the adaptation is a substitute for the real thing, and generally the most we can say of it is that it was better than nothing. *The Dynasts*, however, is a rather different case. In his preface to his epic-drama, Hardy is plainly conscious that the form he has chosen for his work, that of a vast drama that could not possibly be produced on any stage, needs some defence. The "migratory Proskenion" of his action must, he suggests, be the reader's mind. It couldn't, in fact, be anywhere else; and yet there remains something inherently unsatisfactory in a dramatic work that can only be read, never seen or heard. But, as the recent broadcasts showed, *The Dynasts* might have been written for radio: the "migratory Proskenion" was no longer the reader's mind but the microphone. And this not simply because the microphone and the radio play can wander through space and time in a way the stage drama cannot, but because the problems facing Hardy, as soon as he chose the drama-form, were exactly those that confront the writer for radio. How render material that cannot be dramatised directly? Hardy falls back, like the radio-writer, on the eye-witness account, on the narrator; or, as in the scenes of the retreat at Astorga, for instance, he shows us the action off-stage, as it were, as seen through the eyes of the drunken deserters skulking in a cellar at the roadside. Broadcast, then, in Mr. Harding's and Mr. Cleverdon's truly admirable production, the work gained a directness, an immediacy, that it can scarcely have when merely read; one saw it whole. And what a great work it is! It seems to me the nineteenth century produced nothing nobler or more impressive either as poetry or as a sheer imaginative feat; listening to it night after night, one realised that here was something more important, probably, for the future of poetic radio drama than any work in the form yet written.

Mr. Henry Reed's adaptation I thought as good as it could have been. From a cast both enormous and excellent it is almost invidious to pick out individual actors; but Mr. McKechnie, whose narration was to a very large extent the backbone of the work, must especially be praised. I don't think he went wrong at any point.

After praise, a complaint. The organisers of the Third Programme appear to think that its listeners never wish to read, go to plays and concerts or even take walks. This surely naive delusion mars much of their more ambitious planning. Take the recent programmes on symbolism and impressionism. An admirable notion, thus to set *Axel*, Debussy, Mallarmé, Manet and the rest side by side, with informed comment and readings from the relevant poets. But why cram it all into a single week? Spread out over four weeks it would have been more than four times as effective.

The feature *The Ultimate Mountain* in the Home Service, on the attempt on Everest in 1924, turned out to be a vulgarisation and sentimentalisation of a fine theme. Great subjects require great treatment, and failing that, the most objective reporting possible; infant voices crying "Wizard!" are out of place. The programme *Polio*, in which the Outside Broadcasting department questioned doctors on infantile paralysis and visited hospitals where it is treated, I thought impeccable. It told one what one wanted to know without sensationalism. A socially valuable half-hour.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Four in a Jeep," at the Academy
"On the Riviera," at the Odeon
"Show Boat," at the Empire

Four in a Jeep has the same point of departure as *The Third Man*: the quadripartite police of Vienna. There the resemblance ends. Instead of brilliantly raffish romance this new film of Leopold Lintberg shoulders an international problem, and (befitting its Swiss origin) displays a humane impartiality. More than cuckoo clocks may come from five hundred years of peace. One is grateful to the makers of *Four in a Jeep* for a sense of responsibility none too common in the cinema, for developing a touchy theme with skill and a reasonable degree of excitement. Of course, since the gin-and-Lime days the situation has got out of hand for personal bravado. The devil has had his fling. Now we must attend to the more modest message of the angels.

The men of four nationalities, then, drive off day after day on their patrol of the streets: the American is tough and off-hand, the Englishman cheery, the Frenchman expostulative, the Russian gruff. An Austrian girl, whose husband has excaped from a Russian camp, starts the nationalities colliding. There are alarms, searches, suspicions, hints of love and kindness, and in the end, of course, the chase. The Russian comes not too badly—as an individual in unfortunate circumstances—out of this adventure: we are made, in fact, to extend just such sympathy as we might feel in life. This is not the least of the film's merits. It respects character and instils a moral, while at the same time showing its paces as a thriller. These, I may say, while not in the *Third Man* class, involve moments of genuine emotion. The girl with the escaped husband, Viveca Lindfors, is enormously more alive than the usual girl in the case. An excellent cast keeps the international quadrille from growing priggish, and with considerable skill script-writer and director have managed to tell their story with a scattering of languages and no sub-titles. While it lacks the passionate appeal of *The Last Chance*—an experience that in its nature could hardly be repeated—its understanding is backed by an enhanced technical address.

The Danny Kaye of *On the Riviera* seems to have lost much of that explosive idiocy which made him once attractive to some and repellent to others. He doesn't once, I think, go all out—except, perhaps, in a fanciful song as he dangles and hops on a puppet stage. His patter rate seems to have dwindled away, grimaces are rare, and gawkiness has become smooth competence. If he goes on like this he will grow indistinguishable from Bing Crosby. However I must admit that, though never riotously funny, *On the Riviera* has moments of extravagance and charm. Its highlights are the brief stage intrusions on India and Spain. The twitch is still below the surface of well-groomed oddity, and he can melodramatise and ogle his way through a dance or a song better than anyone.

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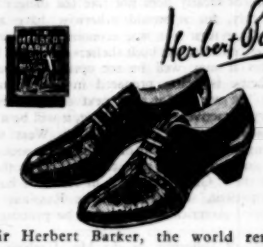

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The old-fashioned fun of *Show Boat* seemed to me the reverse of riotous cinema, but here, for those who want to hear again the tunes they may have heard before, are "Ol' Man River" and the rest of them, musical comedy within musical comedy, ruby Technicolor, lyrics for "Bill" by P. G. Wodehouse (a nice period touch), and such inspired snatches as:

I can't explain
It isn't just his brain
That gives me a thrill
I lurve him . . .

Hope I've the words right. They were delivered very seriously, with lips parted for a kiss.

The London Film Club has inaugurated its second Italian Film Festival, which promises to be as exciting as last year's: programmes every Tuesday evening; next week, Pietro Germi's *Il Cammino della Speranza*, and the week after, Augusto Genina's *Cielo sulla Palude*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Princess Zoubaroff", at the Watergate

Firbank's comedy of artificial languors concerning a princess's attempt to form a sisterhood of Florentine expatriates is a collector's piece, an airy two-hour trifle to be sampled by all who enjoy theatrical curiosities. Published in 1920, but never before performed, the play is altogether of the cocktail era. It lacks the Edwardian background of the novels yet it remains less a play than a public reading—of, say, an inferior *Valmouth* or *Inclinations*. There is the familiar blend of Sapphic pensiveness and splashing of holy water. The characters wriggle and shudder with the old mock ecstasy and feigned allergies. "I love society," declares Reggie, "Alone with my own shadow I'm soon depressed . . . I and a friend of mine, Claud Cloudley, have been visiting all the P's . . . Pavia, Parma, Padua, Perugia, Pisa . . ." The Princess voices her disappointment with the Alps: "There are no mountains in the world as high as I could wish . . . . They irritate me invariably. I should like to shake Switzerland." This, though not wit of a high order, has a charm of its own. William Jay and Leslie Glazer have given the play an amusing production. The period burlesques include Jocelyn Page's Lady Rocktowers, Bryan Cobby's Reggie, and Faith Owen and Celia Helda as the two young wives sighing for a nunnery. Charles Hard's Lord Orkish is a charming gargoyle, composed all of prissiness and *putti* and Nancy Jackson, as the Princess and Reverend Mother-designate, admirably suggests one who has attained understanding of St. John of the Cross through having survived six husbands. My own especial joy was Angela Leigh's Blanche Negress, the authoress. With her cloche hat, swaying hips, long cigarette holder and predatory caderces, Miss Leigh evokes the whole of the Elinor Glyn novel. In her mouth, sunsets and campaniles become obscene and Vallombrosa itself suggests only the site of nameless orgies.

J. N. B. R.

"The Hollow", at the Fortune

Miss Agatha Christie's deceitful detective novel transfers moderately well on to the stage. One can only say "moderately" because there is not the space in a play for her to develop her customary tactics of fixing suspicion really decisively on each of the characters in turn. Then, here Hercules Poirot is replaced by two of the stagiest of stage detectives, noticeably lacking in the character which puffs out the other people. Even so, gambling on the conventions of the form, Miss Christie brings off a neat and ingeniously delayed kill. The guests, who are assembled at the Hollow for a fatal week-end, are agreeably diverse and suitably extreme. Mr. Ernest Clark is the most insensitively egocentric of Harley Street specialists, Miss Joan Newell the most uncomfortable of martyr-type wives. Miss Beryl Baxter achieves the difficult feat of making a stage sculptress into a human being and Mr. Colin Douglas is as persistent and loyal as an old gun-dog. The hostess is Miss Jeanne de Casalis, whose fluttery memory supplies the necessary vein of humour. In all a pleasant entertainment of a rather old-fashioned kind.

T. C. W.

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Correspondence

SOCIALISM AND REARMAMENT

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Denis Healey, entirely misconstrues our criticism of the arms programme. According to him we "say that only two alternative estimates of the war danger are possible . . . the Right considers Russian aggression an urgent danger, while the Left considers the danger less immediate." It is always easier to attack an opponent's position if you alter it to make it more vulnerable, and Mr. Healey's attack does, as he says, "easily expose its fallacies." Since, however, this was not our argument which was being attacked, we could watch his assault with some disinterested appreciation.

Our argument, which Mr. Healey (no doubt wisely) leaves alone, is that "the Right" is putting its faith in an immediate military expansion, apparently without weighing the damage done to the economy of Western Europe, including its economic capacity for war, and without counting the political cost of forgoing assistance to the under-developed areas.

Naturally Mr. Healey has some fun with his Aunt Sally. "Is it possible," he asks in mock astonishment, "rationally to maintain that one's estimate of Soviet intentions must depend on one's attitude in domestic politics, and that the Left must be more optimistic than the Right?" No, indeed, this would not be possible, and Mr. Healey's imaginary opponents are floored. He conveniently explains our "optimism" by alleging without the slightest evidence that we "believe a pessimistic estimate is incompatible with a 'Left' policy at home, therefore the pessimistic estimate must be Right—and by definition wrong."

The basic difference is one of analysis, not "optimism". Those who criticise the present arms programme hold that if in the end Western civilisation collapses, it will be because we have failed to make it an inspiring alternative to Communism, rather than because we have insufficient arms. This is not, of course, to deny that we need arms. The men of the Kremlin are tough, and we need military force, more force than we now have, to hold them in check. It is, however, obvious that, even with the recent balance of military force, the Russians have very carefully avoided the danger of another world war. The attack on South Korea was no exception, because the Americans appeared to have abandoned it. Our own Government clearly does not rate the danger of war very highly, for it would otherwise have at least started the return to a war economy, with rationing and other controls, and built shelters instead of houses.

In this it may well be too optimistic, because if any scheme is being prepared in the Kremlin to "probe" a weak spot, the next six months must look very attractive. For one thing, it will be a period of buckling on the armour; the West will be struggling under the load of the armour without yet getting any substantial protection. For another, the tone of the "Great Debate" in America has been very impatient, suggesting to the Russians that a fully-armed America will one day be probing in its turn.

Instead of suffering, as do Mr. Healey's hypothetical adversaries, from "optimism" or "wishful thinking," we are acutely aware of the additional danger of Russia capturing the political initiative if we have to abandon, because of rearmament, the essential principles of the Welfare State, if we have to let the Colombo Plan die from queueing for machinery, and if we add the pressure of rising prices to the already great strains on the frail democracies, France and Italy.

To say, as Mr. Healey does, that it would be desirable to achieve local military superiority at points around the Soviet periphery is true but trite. The problem is whether the price we would pay in overloading the economy and undermining the politics of the West would or would not leave us weaker, and arising out of this is the secondary question (also ignored by Mr. Healey) of how the cost can best be spread, both socially and internationally.

The example of Yugoslav mobilisation, which he cites as a case of Leftist realism, hardly convinces. Tito cannot imagine that his divisions are as powerful a safeguard as Russian fear of a general war, and it would in any case be rational for a country so near the Soviet bloc, and embodying such an ideological threat to the Russian Empire, to devote a bigger proportion of its slender resources to purely military defences.

The generally uncritical attitude to this overwhelming emphasis on rearmament is rather disturbing. Even its original justification, that it would enable us eventually to "negotiate from strength," is slipping out of sight in the widespread belief, at least among the public, that we are preparing for an inevitable war. Now that we are rearming in earnest, the Government cannot repeat too often, to Russia and to our Allies, that we will be no party to a major war except in resisting manifest aggression.

THOMAS BALOGH
Oxford. DUDLEY SEERS

SIR,—As another mere economist I cannot aspire to the knowledge of international politics of which Mr. Healey disposes, but to my rude native wit there seems to be a weakness in his reasoning. Assuming for the sake of argument that his account of Soviet strategy is correct, and that consequently Messrs. Balogh and Seers' premisses need some refining, I do not think their main conclusions are invalidated. Whether the present danger is of deliberate Soviet aggression, or of another "gamble with a satellite aggression," it surely remains true that such danger is increased by announcing to the Russians that we are weak now, but that in time we shall have overwhelming strength. If the Russians indeed have a mind to let their allies overrun Yugoslavia, the obvious time to do it is before the rearmament programmes of the N.A.T.O. countries get fully going.

There is a further weakness in Mr. Healey's—and the Government's—case. We are given to understand that when we, and the other N.A.T.O. countries, have executed our present rearmament programmes we shall have reached a kind of "plateau" of military security, and that from then on we shall be able to redevote ourselves to economic and social progress.

But this is based on the present level of armaments in Russia and allied countries. Yet such impeccably biased observers as the U.S. Ambassador in Moscow and the *Economist* have recently stated that there are so far no signs of rapid Soviet rearmament. No one with any acquaintance with Soviet affairs can doubt that it would be possible for Russia to devote a considerably higher proportion of her resources to defence than she is doing at present. Certainly this would mean serious interference with the development of her civilian economy, but given her political and economic system there is no reason to suppose that, once decided upon, such a programme would not be rapidly carried out. And no government, faced with the increase in potentially hostile forces that Russia has now been led to expect, could avoid taking this decision sooner or later.

Thus it appears that the "plateau" is likely to be a mirage and that when, or before, our present defence programme has been completed, a higher level of Soviet armaments will make its upward revision necessary. In contemplating this dismal prospect of an ever-vaster arms race, it is perhaps as well to remember that in Russia general production is increasing at a considerably higher rate than in the Western countries, including the U.S.A., and that with Russia's great untapped resources there is no reason why this trend should not continue. The effect on public opinion in both Eastern and Western countries of such an arms race, in which the West always appeared to be taking the initiative, needs no emphasis.

On international considerations, therefore, there seems little cause to reject Messrs. Balogh and Seers' conclusion that the present rearmament programme is either not enough or too much to secure its avowed objectives. As regards domestic policy, Mr. Healey makes no attempt to reply to their analysis of the probable economic and social consequences of rearmament—an analysis which appears to me broadly justified. Mr. Healey is either very brave or very reckless if he disregards it.

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NO FESTIVAL FOR FILMS

SIR,—Mr. Davenport has so long and so strenuously prophesied the self-destruction of the British film production industry, that he must find it aggravating to discover it so slow a-dying. Perhaps one should excuse the tetchiness of his article on this score. Prophets, like film producers, want the results of their work to appear on schedule. Mr. Davenport may, therefore, be forgiven the accusations of mal-administration and insinuations of commercial nepotism which, in his spleen, he makes against the Government and myself. It is more difficult to forgive—in one given to pontificating about film production—so abysmal an ignorance of the functions of a film producer. The layman may be excused for thinking that film-making consists of turning a camera in a film studio. Mr. Davenport should know by now that the preparation of a script will always remain film production's most important function and one which may easily and excusably take very much longer than the actual "shooting."

As far as British Film-Makers Ltd. (the production group operating at Pinewood Studios) is concerned, Paul Soskin has completed his production, *High Treason*, directed by Roy Boulting; Betty Box is half way through *Appointment with Venus*, directed by Ralph Thomas; Ronald Neame has completed his script on Arnold Bennett's *The Card*; Anthony Havelock-Allen a script of *The Young Lovers*; Jeffrey Dell and Julian Wintle scripts of *Consul at Sunset* and *Hunted* (to go into production in July); Anthony Asquith and Edward Baird, *Covent Garden*; Sergei Nolbandov and Leslie Parkyn, *The Dressmaker Story*; George Brown, *Matthew the Matador*; and Thorold Dickinson and Peter de Sarigny, *Diamond Rose*. As a result, a good programme is not only planned but launched, within the first half-year.

Mr. Davenport is surely being mischievous in stating that producers working with British Film-Makers Ltd. are being paid substantial sums whether they make a film or not.

Ealing Studios. MICHAEL BALCON

SIR,—As one who had hoped for a Socialist policy for films, and who, as Mr. Nicholas Davenport correctly predicts, is enraged at what the National Film Finance Corporation has been allowed to do under the control of professional City men, I should like to supplement what he says.

Most of the trouble the film production industry suffers from is due to the Government's failure to "deal with" America. Although in 1948 Mr. Harold Wilson raised the quota of films that the cinemas should show to 45 per cent., he at the same time abolished the law that obliged the importers of foreign films to handle a proportion of British films. This was exactly what the Americans wanted, as it knocked the bottom out of the protective quota legislation, and allowed the cinemas' quota to be reduced, successively, from the 45 per cent. fixed in October 1948.

As Mr. Davenport rightly says, Harold Wilson introduced no legislation to break up the big cinema circuits. One of the basic facts of film life is that the whole set-up of the industry here is so geared to suit America, and consequently any measure that would have endangered this would have caused some form of economic sanctions against Britain by America, similar to the boycott that followed Dr. Hugh Dalton's *ad valorem* tax on American films in 1947.

Although I have been a severe critic of Wilson in the past, I should say that it was largely because of this sort of diplomacy by America that he resigned from the Government, and for that I admire him. Nevertheless, the problem remains even if he prefers the wilderness. To win British screens for British films will not be easy; America has three big reasons for not wanting to lose its grip.

First is the $17,000,000 that we let her take out of Britain every year for Hollywood pictures. Second, the fact that American films are a wonderful shop-window for other U.S. merchandise; ("Trade follows the film," as President Wilson said in 1917). And third, the fact that the now much criticised "American Way of Life" can be refurbished and plugged hard in a country that is getting tired—and frightened—of it.

British film-makers have the answer. Despite what Mr. Davenport says, we have the talent to make 90 or more first feature pictures a year. We also have our own traditions, our own treasury of cultural heritage, our own way of life to supply the subjects to entertain British audiences. It is, surely, not too much to hope that Festival year is the time for the Government to help with a bold policy, instead of half-measures administered by "the old gang."

CHRISTOPHER BRUNEL

PUBLIC WORKS IN INDIA

SIR,—I was amazed to read in Critic's London Diary that "the great hydro-electric works which were promised by Congress are still at a standstill." Last January I had the opportunity to visit a large number of multi-purpose river development projects in India, ranging from sites on the Sutlej River in the foothills of the Himalayas, through the Hirakud Dam project for the development of the Mohonadi Valley in Orissa, and the vast Damodar River scheme in West Bengal to Hirebhasgar Dam and Jog Falls in Mysore State in the South.

It is absurd to describe these schemes as "at a standstill." On each site thousands of men, women, children and donkeys give the impression of continuous and on the whole well-ordered activity. There is also a considerable amount of earth-moving machinery in use. It is true that greater mechanisation would lead to faster progress: but India cannot yet make excavators, bulldozers and so on in any quantity, and there are many claims for the limited amount of money available for the purchase of imported capital goods. It is also true that most (but not all) the schemes have not yet reached the stage at which the hydro-electric works, which are an integral part of them, can be erected; but there are good human as well as technical reasons why the following order cannot be departed from: first, irrigation; second, conservation and flood control; third, the installation of hydro-electric plants.

Incidentally, the Government of India deserves great credit for having set up the Central Waterpower, Irrigation and Navigation Commission (CWINC) to assess the resources in land and water, and to draw up schemes to exploit them. One of the important functions of the Commission is to act as Adviser to the Government in disputes relating to the division of river waters which flow through more than one State. CWINC also executes a number of schemes on the basis of long-term repayment by the States of the cost involved. CWINC was set up in 1945, before the British left India; its activities have been carried on with full energy by the present Government.

London, W.C.2. C. H. GRAY

[Critic writes: "No one could be more eager than I to give all possible credit to the Government of India, and I am delighted to hear so good a report. Information that has recently reached me, also from recent observation on the spot, has been to the effect that though there has been much spasmodic activity, real progress, for reasons that may be beyond the Government's control, has been lamentably slow."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

DAILY GRAPHIC

SIR,—In "So They Say . . ." dated June 2, you attribute the following to the *Daily Graphic* of Wednesday, May 30: "We must stand up to the Persians boldly, unequivocally. There must be no compromise, no accommodation." No such statement appeared in the *Daily Graphic*.

The last comment of the *Daily Graphic* on Persia during the period covered by "So They Say . . ." was on May 28. It stressed the facts that made it in the interests of Teheran to follow America's advice and seek a negotiated settlement. I observe that the leader, which was carefully moderate in tone, was not quoted. H. E. CLAPP,

Daily Graphic. *Editor*

[We regret that, owing to a slip in "subbing" Autolycus's copy, the *Daily Graphic* was incorrectly credited with a quotation from the *Daily Express*. ED., *N. S. & N.*]

GENOCIDE

SIR,—The *Los Angeles Times* of June 2 states: "In Korea it is estimated that some 2,000,000 civilians, the greater part of them children, have been killed or have died of exposure since the start of the war. More than ten million are homeless and destitute." Dong Sung Kim, special envoy of the Republic of Korea, reported June 1 here: "In just one night, there were 156 villages burned. The villages were in the path of an enemy advance. So, of course, the U.N. planes had to destroy them. And all the old people and the children who were still there because they were unable to heed the evacuation orders were killed."

How long shall we sanction this genocide?

La Crescenta, Calif. HUGH HARDYMAN

JACQUERIE

SIR,—There is a very simple remedy for the trouble affecting those Stately Homes, which need £5,000 a year "for bare maintenance," and a large staff. It was applied successfully in 1790. Burn them down!

Kirby-le-Soken. T. E. HENDRIE

SOCIALISM AND REARMAMENT

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Books in General

WHAT is the lineage of the detective story? It begins, presumably, with the first detective: Vidocq. After that important invention, Hoffmann's *Mlle de Scudéri* seems to be next in the succession and here the moral and technical basis are properly laid down. We are on the side of virtue and justice against evil, conspiracy and plausible accusation, and the latter have to be exposed step by step. Poe's *The Murders of the Rue Morgue* grew out of *Mlle de Scudéri*, but the stress is on the horror of crime and evil, rather than on detection. I have never read the Frenchman, Gaboriau, to whom Wilkie Collins is said to owe a debt, but Wilkie Collins is, at any rate, the first properly uniformed and impressive detective novel in English literature. The pure conundrum, intricate, sufficient to itself and an exercise of the faculties, has at last been extracted from the double meanings, the symbolism, allegories, crimes and hauntings of the Germanic or the Gothic tales, by the pragmatic English genius. When young Franklin Blake in *The Moonstone** is finally shown to have taken the moonstone without knowing it, the explanation is that he has been doped with laudanum, and not that he has a second self, or a higher and lower nature; he is allowed no more than an accessible and god-fearing Unconscious. In short, Wilkie Collins is as British as they are made.

Two new editions of the *Tales From Hoffmann*† and *The Moonstone* have just been published. Tenuously united, at some point, in the roots of their art, the two authors are suggestive in their fundamental divergence. The Hoffmann which retains many of Gavarni's excellent illustrations, is well-edited and contains *The Golden Pot* (which Carlyle translated), *The Sandman*, *The Deed of Entail*, *The Story of Krespel* and *Mlle de Scudéri*. I will begin by quoting from Mr. Cohen's acute analysis of Hoffmann which has explained to me why (when it comes to the test), I prefer Hoffmann's kind of tale, a book like Hogg's *Confessions of a Justified Sinner*, or (with reservations) *Jekyll and Hyde* to nearly all works of detective fiction. "There are for Hoffmann three realms," says Mr. Cohen, "a comfortable Philistia—comically drawn in *The Golden Pot*—a borderland of dangers and hidden significances, and a third region of spiritual power and serenity." In Collins and his descendants there is Philistia alone: the detective novel is the art-for-art's sake of our yawning Philistinism, the classic example of a specialised form of art removed from contact with the life it pretends to build on. It is an abstract reduced to the level of harmless puzzle and pastime. It provides a pleasant way of not-reading, sharpening the instruments of the intelligence, but giving us nothing to use them on. We could go on—if we were attacking detective fiction—to say, as people used to in the old Marxist days, that it exemplified the spirit of self-regarding isolation in middle-class culture, and that, in its way, it was as precious as Pater. Or, in its defence, that it represents a core of private sanity, a tenacious belief in the ultimate effectiveness of intelligence and reason, which still survives in us despite the conditions of our age.

Hoffmann's world, on the contrary, is the underworld or overworld of Romance, the world of Good and Evil, not of Right and Wrong. We shall meet the flesh and the devil, wickedness and virtue, imagination and dull, acquisitive worldliness. A tale like *The Gold Pot* is a charmed allegory of the life of the artist. Those who find German fantasy repugnant, who groan before its archaic paraphernalia and see in its magic, its alchemy, its visions, its hypnotic dreams and trances, its ghosts and its diabolism, all the disordered tedium of the literary antique shop, will find Hoffmann more engaging, more concrete and cleverer than he seems at first sight. He is a wonderful story-teller, his humour is gracious, he is circumstantial and his invention is always witty. In *The Gold Pot*, for example, where the artist takes to drink, he is represented not as a drunkard but as a little creature imprisoned in a bottle. *The Entail* is a vivid and satisfying *nouvelle* and the management of the two sleep-walking scenes is the work of a master of ingenuity. And if his world is Romance, then it defines what Romance ought to be: not extravagance, but life reflected perfectly in a mirror or a lake, true in detail, but mysteriously upside down. Mr. Cohen says:

> The most important events in Hoffmann's life were fantasies; his early love of Cora Hatt and his later love for Julia More had no basis in reality—the ladies were not as he imagined them; on the other hand the Napoleonic wars, which he affected to disregard, were the very real background to a great deal of his life. Dream and reality had changed places for him.

(And here Hoffmann became the forerunner of those characteristic modern Romances: the imaginative case-histories of Rilke and Kafka.)

> But greater authority was given to his dream visions by the decay of religious myth in the age immediately preceding his. Robbed of the immediacy of miracle stories, which had been part of Christianity's millennial heritage, the 18th century was forced to look for evidence of the supernatural elsewhere, in order to satisfy man's instinctive belief in events not subject to material law. Following Swedenborg's lead, they looked to mesmerism, spiritualism and psychic phenomena, for the proof of God's existence; the artist's frenzy and the madman's alike provided evidence of possession by forces superior to man's; dreams rendered everyone familiar with a world outside the closed kingdom of cause and effect.

And, I suppose, the late survival of medieval life and of folklore in Germany, must be partly due to the destructive effect of the hundred years war on culture. War and revolution *do* give a meaning to life, but the heart and the sensibility feel that meaning to be of a low order and even spurious. Hoffmann is a sweet dessert wine, but he has that extra clear-headedness in a restricted field which is often noticeable in the fuddled; he was a startlingly complete artist, though in miniature. He had grasped the lesson of folklore; that the extraordinary, the unheard of, must be made minutely, physically real, and the pleasure he gives is that of exactitude and recognition.

Like Hoffmann, Collins, of the divergent branch of Romance, was a lawyer. Collins takes a practical view of the cranky new material and makes a fine art of not seeing beyond the end of his nose. How thoroughly, exhaustively and yet memorably one has the whole story of the moonstone at one's finger tips. I find it hard to remember nearly all plots, but I can remember every detail of *The Moonstone*, though the plot must be one of the most elaborate in literature. The explanation lies in his skill and his perfect balance. He never goes too far, and is very particular; he also understands the reader's anxiety to follow, whereas Dickens in *Edwin Drood* had no mercy and counted every confusion in the reader's mind as a victory. As Hoffmann was at heart, Collins is a rational man. There is, of course, no fantasy or mystery-mongering in Collins. The Hindus in *The Moonstone* use a boy medium, but (to our relief) Collins knows all about mediums. He uses the character of an opium addict, but not—we thank heaven, this time—for exploring opium dreams, but as one of the perfectly working pistons of the plot-machine. Delirium comes in and we approach the alarms of free-association and psycho-analysis but Collins is interested only in the utility of the mysterious. The doctor's free associations are there—to be taken down in shorthand. There are many high moments in the book, but the best is fittingly at the climax; the scene where Franklin Blake, drugged once more with laudanum, re-enacts his part in taking the moonstone from Miss Rachel's cabinet; and here Collins displays his mastery of one of the great principles of story-telling, which is to appear to do the same thing twice, but on the second occasion to make a significant alteration. The moment where Blake drops the stone which the onlookers expect him to hide is wonderful. The art of the story-teller lies, of course, in surprise; but the art of surprise must come from the continuous knowledge that the reader, in his anxiety, is always playing for safety. It is the story-teller's business to make the path of safety into a path of change and danger. There is a parallel scene in the sleep-walking scene in Hoffmann's *The Entail*. The first time the guilty servant walks in his sleep the observer realises that silence is essential. The second time he forgets to tell a second observer to be quiet. The man shouts and the tragedy comes down with a crash.

Sergeant Cuff, Collins's detective, has been much admired. He is well characterised, as all Collins's people are; he is something like a real detective—Holmes owes many details to him—and is never in danger of becoming a legend. His withdrawal from the middle of the tale which is beyond his professional competence, and the fact that he is wrong, are excellent moves. Only the suicide of Rosa Spearman jars, and here one suspects a superlatively clever writer is taking on too much stage-property. There is said to have been a film company which liked a scene from a moving

* *The Moonstone*. By Wilkie Collins. *Folio Society: Cassell*. 19s. 6d.

† *Tales From Hoffmann*. Edited by J. M. Cohen. *The Bodley Head*. 16s.

stairway in all its films because it had bought a section of moving stairway. Having exuberantly introduced some quicksands—a favourite Victorian property—into his tale, Collins had to use them. There are complaints, too, about the excessive characterisation of the narrators. This does, indeed, delay the narrative; but with one character, the pious, tract-distributing Miss Clack, Collins hit upon a wonderful type; and though he piles on her follies where the genius of Dickens would have cut them until she was a comic fantasy, Miss Clack is a startling break with the slightly sententious habit of the other narrators. Smugness was thought to be the defect of Collins's character, but it was the engaging smugness of the most fertile example of efficiency in the English novel. Never was there such a specialist. *The Moonstone* is the first and the last of the detective novels, and I would like to ask the addicts what more has really been added to the genre since his time.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE YOUNG CORDWAINER

SHE: Love, why have you led me here
To this lampless hall,
A place of despair and fear
Where blind things crawl?

HE: Not I, but your complaint
Heard by the riverside
That primrose scent grew faint
And desire died.

SHE: Kisses had lost virtue
As yourself must know;
I declared what, alas, was true
And still shall do so.

HE: Mount, sweetheart, this main stair
Where bandogs at the foot
Their crooked gilt teeth bare
Between jaws of scot.

SHE: I loathe them, how they stand
Like prick-eared spies.
Hold me fast by the left hand;
I walk with closed eyes.

HE: Primrose has periwinkle
As her mortal fellow:
Five leaves, blue and baleful,
Five of true yellow.

SHE: Overhead, what's overhead?
Where would you take me?
My feet stumble for dread,
My wits forsake me.

HE: Flight on flight, floor above floor,
In suspense of doom
To a locked secret door
And a white-walled room.

SHE: Love, have you the pass-word,
Or have you the key,
With a sharp naked sword
And wine to revive me?

HE: Enter: here is starlight,
Here the state bed
Where your man lies all night
With blue flowers garlanded.

SHE: Ah, the cool open window
Of this confessional!
With wine at my elbow,
And sword beneath the pillow,
I shall perfect all.

ROBERT GRAVES

GRAHAM GREENE

The Art of Graham Greene. By KENNETH ALLOTT AND MIRIAM FARRIS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

Mr. Greene is by far the most famous living English novelist this side of fifty; automatically now, when abroad, we can, as it were, fling his name down on the counter to match against those of Mauriac, Sartre and Camus, certain of the ecstatic reaction it will provoke: "*Ah, Gruen Grin! Formidable!*" One reason, of course, for his international reputation—perhaps an international reputation is impossible without it—is that his fiction, like that of Mauriac, Sartre and Camus, is the expression of large and powerful ideas, ideas that, obsessional for their author, constitute an inescapable challenge to his readers. They are, in fact, "a few simple ideas." They have been with him since the beginning of his career and they are implicit in everything he has written, even in the most casual book review or film notice. Mr. Allott and Miss Farris trace them from book to book, the idea of the double nature of man, the idea of estrangement and betrayal, the idea of the crippling nature of pity. Since they are fundamental ideas, expressed moreover with a literary power that is truly formidable, the reader's response to the novels that enshrine them cannot be simply aesthetic. This is not to say that Mr. Greene is a propaganda novelist. He belongs, in his own words, to the category of "novelists who are Catholics"; yet even this description could be a red herring, for it is perfectly possible to imagine a Mr. Greene who was not a Catholic and who yet wrote novels more like the novels he has written than like those of any other author, and rendering a comparable vision of life.

It is the virtue of Mr. Allott and Miss Farris that they isolate with considerable precision the kind of novelist Mr. Greene is. Their book is indeed an example of criticism of fiction of a sort that we need more of: an extended study of texts. The difficulty involved in such a critical method is obvious: an exponent of the "New Criticism" like Professor Cleanth Brooks can devote thirteen pages to an analysis of an eighty-line poem by Yeats; a similarly close scrutiny of a novel is impossible. Yet novels like Mr. Greene's do demand something like the examination traditionally reserved for poetry. As Mr. Allott and Miss Farris say, Mr. Greene is "a poet-novelist," like James and Conrad, in whose work "we need to pay the kind of attention to verbal and structural niceties that we pay as a matter of course even to minor poetry." But by relating a passage on morality plays in Mr. Greene's little book on the English dramatists to his own artistic practice, they are able to describe his fiction more narrowly. His works approximate to moralities rather than to the novel of character: "In them," to quote these perceptive critics, "structure is used emphatically alongside character and situation to project the total poetic meaning."

And the total meaning cannot be elucidated by an examination only of the characters that body forth the action; an examination of the language and imagery through which they are rendered is no less essential. Mr. Greene is a highly conscious craftsman, and perhaps the most valuable part of Mr. Allott's and Miss Farris's book is the chapter on *The Heart of the Matter*, with its analysis of the formal structure of the novel and its study of the use and development throughout the book of certain key images and of the stylistic device of extended imagery, the end of them all being, deliberately, to throw the author's meaning into the sharpest possible focus.

Any book on a living novelist whose best work may be assumed still to lie ahead of him, must be in the nature of an interim report. Mr. Allott and Miss Farris are content to expose rather than to evaluate; they are judicious and scholarly enthusiasts, and what they have set out to do they have done well. Yet one can include oneself among Mr. Greene's most ardent admirers and still feel that a rather more severe approach was desirable. For Mr. Greene is assailable—at any rate, he was in *The Heart of the Matter*—at what was formerly his strongest point, his style, his characteristic use of words and imagery. As one reads *The Heart of the Matter* for the third or fourth time, one is forced to ask whether his imagery, for instance, in that novel is completely adequate to his vision. Of its immediate effectiveness there can be no question, but doesn't it too often strike one as an exercise in shock-tactics, as sometimes a hasty short-hand notation, written, one feels, almost mechanically? It is this that has made Mr. Greene a "sitter" for the parodist. Like Mr. Auden, whose characteristic imagery his often resembles, he sometimes seems the victim of his own brilliance. To pick out a passage at random. "Wilson liked poetry, but he absorbed it secretly like a drug. *The Golden Treasury* accompanied him wherever he went, but it was taken at night in small doses—a finger of Longfellow, Macaulay, Mangan." One may set it aside Mr. Auden's picture of Housman keeping "tears like dirty postcards in a drawer," an image whose appearance would not surprise one in Mr. Greene. The fault of both images is surely that they are over-assertive. They startle in the wrong way, so that they actually distract the reader's attention from the character or emotion they are intended to illuminate: they have become almost like epigrams in the dialogue of a Wilde play: ends in themselves. In fiction, they tend to dehumanise the characters they should animate; in *The Heart of the Matter*, which is strewn with these lethal anti-personnel bombs of imagery, there are times when they seem to turn the *dramatis personae* into machines whose function is to register Greene thoughts and feelings. Mr. Greene's problem as an artist to-day, one concludes, is to free his vision from the constrictions of an over-arbitrary, too-efficient style. Which is why one looks forward to his new novel with an interest even livelier than that with which one has anticipated earlier books by him.

WALTER ALLEN

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS

The Poems of St. John of the Cross. Spanish text with a translation by ROY CAMPBELL. Preface by M. C. D'ARCY. *Harvill Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

These twenty-two poems by the sixteenth-century Carmelite mystic are bewildering in many ways. Nine are "Romances" on the Trinity, Creation and Incarnation, a strange marriage of ballad form and intricate mystical theology. The beautiful sequence of *Songs between the Soul and the Bridegroom* is based on the Song of Solomon, symbolically interpreted; others, like the verses that begin:

I entered in, I know not where,
And I remained, though knowing naught,
Transcending knowledge with my thought—

combine a metaphysical austerity with lyrical exaltation; and yet others might pass for erotic love poems of more than usual intensity—as indeed perhaps they are, but in that case we are bound to admit that *eros* becomes a mystery beyond the ken of Kinsey or of Freud, and that the mystics have the right to smile at the childishness of any merely biological interpretation of a power so far transcending the bounds of anything that is usually understood by the word Nature. Father D'Arcy truly says in his foreword that "a strange quality invades the images, that etherealises the passionate words of sense and makes us feel that they have been dipped in some divine spring." Comparable poems in English are *Quia Amore Langueo*, or Southwell's *Burning Babe*, poems that have the unmistakable hall-mark of religious inspiration. These poems are religious in the same sense as the *Gita*, the *Book of Revelation* or the *Songs of Innocence and Experience*; they might have been written by a Hindoo, a *Zen* Buddhist, or a Sufi, for they come from a source deeper than dogma.

Any reader who is inclined to read into the imagery of the poem that in Roy Campbell's version begins, not quite happily perhaps,

Upon a gloomy night
With all my cares to loving ardours flushed

an expression of sexual love (homosexual love at that, since all souls are passive to God as bride to bridegroom) should turn to that long treatise of mystical theology, *The Ascent of Mount Carmel*, in which the poet undertakes to explain at length the precise meaning of every phrase of the poem. (This exposition is, if nothing else, an impressive demonstration of one important quality of poetry, its condensation; was it Eliot who said that the principal advantage of poetry as compared with prose is that it takes up less space?) In the *Ascent* the poet exchanges the language of symbolism and passion for the cool precision of a treatise on advanced physics. There is no mistaking the authentic originality of a master handling a subject of great complexity with brilliant clarity of thought; and we cannot fail to realise instantly that the states of consciousness herein discussed bear as remote a relation to natural love as do tables and chairs to the waves and units of energy of which matter is said to be composed. It is bewildering to read such a detailed and precise description of an order of reality unknown to most of us, or perceived only in flashes—the same order of things whose Periodic Tables we may find in the Kabbala or the writings of the Gnostics. The writings of St. John of the Cross are perhaps most nearly akin to some of the Hindoo scriptures, for his technique is, like theirs, "the road of spiritual negation," along which road he travelled farther than any other European mystic.

The trend of modern psychology has made us more willing to reconsider the claims of the mystics; Freud himself goes so far as to admit that his technique, like theirs, aims at an expansion of consciousness, and that their claims to have attained to spiritual states not usually experienced may well be true. It would indeed be mere spiritual illiteracy to take the evidence of the mystics only on the authority of a psychoanalyst or analytical psychologist; for St. John of the Cross and his like are themselves the world's authorities on such matters. Yet a scientific approach seems not inappropriate to the understanding of a saint so truth-loving in the modern sense. The erotic language of the mystic poses questions more fundamental to students of Freud and Jung than can be by-passed by Father D'Arcy's official view, that mystical love has nothing whatever in common with sexual love. Perhaps Gurdjieff's terminology of "octaves" is relevant; for what we have in such poetry is a re-pitching, not a repression, of the one vital human passion that opens the doors of all mysteries. A pity that sacred and profane love at some moment became separated, and that the Church has set in opposition and conflict the higher and lower elements of one thing; apart from one another, can either natural or supernatural love be understood?

Roy Campbell's translations are virtually the first adequate English versions of these poems; Allison Peers's literal translations made no attempt to reproduce metre or rhyme, and without some equivalent of the very formal and ecstatic rhymic patterns, the poems cannot be said to have been translated. Of all living English poets, Roy Campbell is the most masterly in his use of rhyme, and he is able to use metre so as to convey a sense of intense passion. He has reproduced the Spanish rhymes and metres as closely as possible, and yet his English versions have the freshness of original poems—with occasional exceptions, like "loving ardours flushed" where a phrase or a word introduced in order to get a rhyme might have been happier. But it would be merely carping to pick out some two or three examples of a weak rhyme or distortion of meaning, when above all we must be grateful to Mr. Campbell for giving us a long overdue and beautiful verse translation of these remarkable poems. The translation bears the mark of a labour of love, and a deep immersion in the atmosphere of St. John's poetry and thought, and must convey something of this even to readers ignorant, as I am, of the Spanish language.

KATHLEEN RAINE

Looking forward

to some good books

July **MERCHANT OF THE RUBY**
by Alice Harwood Perkin Warbeck, pretender to Henry VII's throne, is Miss Harwood's subject in a distinguished historical novel.

August **THE MILITARY ORCHID**
by Jocelyn Brooke At last a new edition of Brooke's now rare first volume of autobiography. Decorations and frontispiece by Gavin Bone.

September **THE DISENCHANTED**
by Budd Schulberg In Schulberg's Manley Halliday based on the tragic career of Scott Fitzgerald? James M. Cain writes: *It is a living, breathing portrait so vivid you forget who sat for it.*

ARRIVAL IN WYCHERLY
by Norman Denny They called Lancelot Cavanna 'the magical chap,' his impact on a West Country village makes hilarious reading.

October **THE CRIME OF SYLVESTRE BONNARD**

THE GODS ARE ATHIRST
by Anatole France The first two titles in a new uniform edition of his works.

THE BODLEY HEAD

YET ANOTHER

The Memoirs of Ernst von Weizsäcker. Translated by JOHN ANDREWS. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Hitler was certainly a worker of miracles. It used to be thought that the miracle he worked was to unite Germany behind him on a programme of total war. Now it appears that he performed a miracle greater still. He got his way and launched a great war, despite the fact that every German, except General Remer, was against him. Bankers, industrialists, Field Marshals, the chief of the general staff, the head of the Intelligence service, all tried to thwart him; and yet he got his way. What a genius! Ernst von Weizsäcker is the latest candidate for the position of the man who nearly thwarted Hitler. He is a naval officer who, after the first German war, was transferred to the Foreign Ministry and was its official head, under Ribbentrop, from 1938 to 1943. The last words of his book are "Such is life on the ocean wave." His method of defying the storm seems to have been to shut himself in the cabin with the curtains drawn and occasionally to protest to himself against the way the captain was running the ship.

No doubt Weizsäcker, like many other good Germans, wished to keep Germany out of a second World War; and to that extent disapproved of Hitler's conduct of affairs. But there is equally no doubt—and here is the only point in a rather pointless controversy—that he, and the others, wanted to achieve without war the things that Hitler wanted to achieve with one. They wanted to dismember Czechoslovakia; they wanted to recover Danzig and "the corridor"; they wanted to make Germany the dominant Power in Eastern Europe and, ultimately, in Western Europe as well. Weizsäcker presents Munich as the triumph of what he calls "the Attolico-Henderson-Weizsäcker triangle." But it was a triumph not only because it postponed Hitler's war; it was also, and essentially, a triumph in that it started Germany's march to European power. Weizsäcker's policy, so far as he had one, was simple. Since he could not restrain Hitler, or even influence him, he spent his time urging the statesmen of other European countries, and principally the British, to make endless concessions. The argument was unnecessary: the men of Munich had decided to make concessions in any case. Weizsäcker's promptings were disregarded by the statesmen of Western Europe. But in so far as his activities had any influence, their effect was to help Hitler, not to thwart him. Every gangster likes to have a respectable "front"; and there is no front more respectable than a retired naval officer.

There is a simple, though not heroic, defence for Weizsäcker and his kind; and they would be more honest if they adopted it. He was a permanent official without political experience and with no means of influencing public opinion. He was landed with Hitler and Ribbentrop as his chiefs; he disliked their methods, though he agreed with their aims. He had his salary and his bureaucratic prestige to worry about. Therefore he drifted along, occasionally taking the edge off Ribbentrop's more violent utterances and hoping vaguely that the worst would not happen. To oppose Hitler, still more to try to overthrow him, might have been ineffective and was certainly risky; the safer and easier course was to lie low. If Hitler won, Germany would be the greatest Power in Europe; if he lost, he could be somehow repudiated. After all, the argument of expediency is not confined to the good Germans. Even Labour Members of Parliament have been known to use it when excusing themselves from opposing the foreign policy of Attlee and Bevin—to say nothing of the gloomy silence in which they polish their free spectacles and champ their free dentures. Weizsäcker would have been on safe ground if he had said: "There was nothing to do; and so I did it." But there is something rather nauseating in this champion of peace who began the war comfortably in the Wilhelmstrasse and ended it comfortably as German Minister at the Vatican. The former naval officer had certainly learnt diplomacy. His opposition to Hitler was conducted so discreetly that no one noticed it, Hitler least of all.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

NEW NOVELS

The Brigand. By GUISEPPE BERTO. *Secker & Warburg.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Daylight in a Dream. By E. M. BUTLER. *Hogarth Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Paper Palace. By ROBERT HARLING. *Chatto & Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

How sadly the romantic conception of brigandry has changed! Salvator Rosa's ragamuffins were idle creatures, always reclining in elegant groups—their only purpose to deck out "sublime" Calabrian landscapes. Whereas to-day your brigand in writing and in art is inevitably an avenging revolutionary, a party-line hero with anarchistic proclivities. At first I thought Signor Berto's new book was going to prove an exception. Here were no tiresome overtones, no undertones, no uneasy symbolism, but a straightforward adventure story, only marred by being told in the first person by a boy of fourteen. The boy, Nino, son of well-to-do Calabrian peasants, develops an incomprehensible passion for a young soldier, Michele, who returns on leave to his village; and this passion is hardly shaken when the soldier is arrested for the local tycoon's murder. So far, so good, but the tale takes a sudden familiar twist. The first hundred pages or so were merely the sugar coating, and it is all licked off by chapter five. After that we are down to the unpalatable tract. Who is the soldier but our old friend the socially conscious agitator, latterday Robin Hood, and hero of our time? A worthy figure—most propagandist's dummies are—if only he were a credible one! When Michele incites a gang of workless peasants to take over part of a large estate, he is again arrested, but he escapes. From hideouts high in the mountains he wages guerrilla warfare on law and order, especially on landlords. Un-

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JONATHAN CAPE

fortunately his deeds win him none of the love, not even the respect, of the poor and workless whom he is trying to deliver. Only Nino has faith—Nino and, of course, his sister Emilia, who loves Michele enough to share his life of brigandage in the mountains. In all books like this the only possible ending is a sort of martyrdom; *The Brigand* is true to type. Emilia is shot by traitorous companions who take her for her husband and Michele goes down to the valley "to die like a lion," avenging her. As tracts go, this is a good one, in so far as it is well executed; only one wishes that Signor Berto and many other Italian writers as well as painters would apply their undeniable gifts to ends beyond a party line.

Professor Butler describes her droll book as "a mixture of historical fact, fiction and fantasy," but I should have thought that the same could be said of almost every other novel ever written. More specifically *Daylight in a Dream* is a study of the middle-aged spinster who has turned sour —a favourite theme with women novelists. Poor Miss Rawlinson! With good reason colleagues at the teachers' training college, where she works, dislike her almost as much as she dislikes and disapproves of them. Inhibitions have corroded her nice generous nature; the good scout in her has aged into a pitiable prig. Why this metamorphosis? Professor Butler makes cunning use of flashbacks to explain. As a young woman in the 1914 war, Miss Rawlinson had gone to Macedonia with an intrepid gaggle of nurses which included such incongruous types as Dr. Everet, a dying Florence Nightingale, Lady Delilah, a raddled nymphomaniac, and Miss Gassard, a wool-gathering governess. With all of these Miss Rawlinson was "freakishly popular." But since the war memories of her inordinate popularity and of cosy camaraderie in the face of hardship have grown distorted, for these memories are all she has to colour her drab life. Looking back on wartime experiences she has come to see herself as a sort of Universal Lover to her comrades, but in reality, as the blurb points out, she was only a Universal Aunt. Within the small compass of this book Professor Butler shows us salubrious daylight seeping in to Miss Rawlinson's phantasy life—the result neither of lover or psychoanalysis, but of a dream and a meeting with an old friend who had nursed beside her.

Professor Butler has achieved the considerable technical feat of writing a fairly serious novel in the idiom of a schoolgirl's magazine. The only trouble is that echoes of Arthur Marshall inevitably resound, and Miss Rawlinson often becomes a figure of fun—a sort of Nurse Dugdale. For example "Rawlinson was master of her own car and she fairly made it hum"; "Champing at the bit, Rawlinson did not forget her sense of discipline." And yet one cannot help admiring the skill with which Professor Butler conveys the stifling atmosphere of closeted female worlds. Few male readers will fail to find her descriptions of ambulance unit and training college repellent, but what horrifying accuracy!

Back to the beastly world of men, to the beastly world of Fleet Street, to be exact. Mr. Harling's plot is the best thing about *The Paper Palace*. The Baron, odious owner of one of London's largest newspapers, shows a suspicious interest in the death of one of those rich political dabblers just this side of party membership. Why? A weary young journalist, abetted by a wary old editor, sets out to find exactly what the connection was. Detective story, Fleet Street satire—call it what you will—*The Paper Palace* is goodish entertainment of a slick kind. Unfortunately Mr. Harling has chosen to write in a sub-Raymond Chandler manner which he cannot manage. Most maddening is his self-consciously slack way of stringing sentences together with *and*. Take his second paragraph:

> So once upon a time, and that was sometime more than two years ago, and that makes it nearly three o'clock on a mid-March Wednesday afternoon, I was sitting in that pigeon coop and the house phone went and I picked up the receiver and the voice said "Come on in," and I went on in . . . and . . . and . . . and . . . and I sat.

JOHN RICHARDSON

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THE UNITY OF KNOWLEDGE

The English Subjects Synthesis. By F. C. HAPPOLD. *Christopher's.* 6s.

The search for an idea which will give back to the grammar-school curriculum the unity once enforced upon it by the study of the Classics and of the Bible continues. Dr. Happold's belief that English, History, and Geography, taught by one master as one "subject," should form the basis of a grammar-school curriculum from eleven to fourteen plus, has been implicit in his previous writings. He has now stated his thesis more exactly, showed us how the idea works at his own school, and readvocated many teaching methods already suggested in his *Approach to History*.

Past attempts to correlate English, History, and Geography courses, argues Dr. Happold, have failed because they concentrated on factual material rather than on the "English skills," wherein the unity lies. These are defined as:

> Ability to speak and write sensitively and precisely, to collect, sift, and arrange various sorts of material, to use books as a source both of information and of aesthetic pleasure, to think clearly and logically.

It is the acquisition of these basic "tools of knowledge" which should be the primary object of the curriculum at this stage. It is also the intelligent English, History, or Geography master's object rather than the accumulation of facts. The object can best be reached by uniting English, History, and Geography into the "English Studies Synthesis." A good English prose style is more likely to be developed by setting descriptions of the Peasants' Revolt or the British Coal Industry to a form, when the material has been carefully prepared, than it is by setting "The Best Day of the Holidays" type of essay at twenty-four hours' notice. The art of speaking, so often neglected, can be cultivated by demanding short prepared speeches from each member of the form as part of the routine method. If the form is to enjoy Pepys or Wordsworth it must know something of the environment from which their writings arose, and must itself know how to set about writing a diary or a ballad. Why not write a diary of a man who lived through the Great Fire, or a ballad about a hill-farmer's life in the Lakes in 1800, thus making Pepys, Wordsworth, the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries come alive? The synthesis has the additional advantage of reintroducing the old Classical form master who saw his boys so often that he could scarcely help knowing them.

Dr. Happold insists that this synthesis has not resulted in a lowering of standards, and that teachers who have undergone a specialist training at the Universities need not feel that they can never acquire themselves the wider knowledge that such a scheme demands. It would certainly seem that his approach has resulted in a more lively participation in the three "subjects" by his pupils than by those more conventionally trained, even if one suspects that many of the examples quoted illustrate the intelligence of dons' children at the Perse School rather than the merits of his teaching methods. Whether or not he finds the central argument convincing, the History, Geography, or English teacher who prefers still to think of himself as a specialist will be excited by the methods of teaching his subject that this book suggests.

CHRISTOPHER WRIGHT

FLYING FRENCHMAN

The Big Show. By PIERRE CLOSTERMANN. *Chatto & Windus.* 12s. 6d.

During the war Pierre Clostermann, a young Free French fighter pilot in the R.A.F., kept a full day-to-day diary which in case of his death was to be delivered to his parents, with whom he could not then communicate. To this fact we owe a personal account of the war in the air which is probably as vivid as any that has appeared. *The Big Show* has been described by some critics as a work of genuine literature. That it is not; indeed, in his preface M. Clostermann himself denies any such claim. But his book represents a piece of first-class reportage (translated by Oliver Berthoud into reasonable colloquial English), and in trying to bring to life something so unlocalised and repetitive as successive air battles M. Clostermann starts off with several advantages.

First, he was obviously an ace among aces. He was both decorated and wounded several times; he was frequently shot up; from his start as a Spitfire pilot in 1942 till the bitter end over Germany in 1945 when he led an R.A.F. wing, from one hairbreadth and harrowing escape to the next, he went out on no fewer than 420 missions. His diary notes therefore provided M. Clostermann with rich material, to be selected and edited in the relative tranquillity of French parliamentary life—he is to-day deputy for Strasbourg. Being French, he has avoided both the naivety of most English R.A.F. stories and the self-consciousness of the English literary approach. What he provides instead is a matter-of-fact romanticism, very French and already apparent in the first paragraphs, where he describes how he ran his hand over the aluminium wing of his Spitfire "softly, as one might caress a woman's cheek," or speaks of his squadron-leader as "the kind of man for whom you get yourself killed without discussion, almost willingly."

Until the liberation of Paris, M. Clostermann flew a Spitfire, and his notes add to the picture of a life already made familiar by many books of reminiscence and reportage: the haphazard yet close friendships in the mess; the fatalist sense of dedication; the confusion of split-second dogfights or low-level attacks in which events passed "in a flash, in a dream"; the agonised seconds of watching a friend either bale

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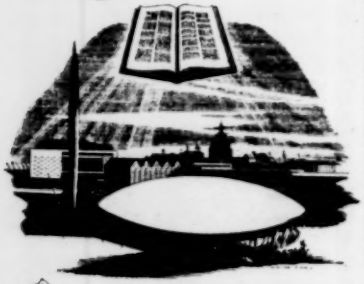

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out or crash ; the seconds of terrified, paralysing awareness of having made some fatal mistake during combat. Alternatingly, there were the moments of lyrical unreality in this aerial tourney, with "Focke-Wulfs skimming like toys, like silvery midges in the infinite sky," or the moments of exultation of a young man alone between earth and sky, which M. Clostermann experienced to the full.

All this is fairly familiar. The special merit of *The Big Show*, however, lies in M. Clostermann's ability to give an intelligent and intelligible account of the war in the air, of its general tactics and strains and the merits of various Allied and German aircraft, and at the same time to convey the fleeting and confused glimpse which is all an individual pilot can have of such warfare. This is especially true of his bird's-eye description of the Normandy landings. After Liberation M. Clostermann served briefly in the French Air Ministry in Paris, but found the atmosphere of gold braid, place-seeking and Resistance stories too great an anti-climax. By pulling strings he had himself transferred back to operational duties with the R.A.F. This time he flew a Tempest, and before the end was in command first of a squadron, then of a wing. In a way the most interesting part of the book is M. Clostermann's account of the much less publicised last phase of the war, winter and spring 1944–45 : the long drag, the same intense round of battles, flak, crashes and casualties, but with the earlier zest and exultation gone, with the issue of the war no longer in doubt, fewer and fewer of the old faces still seen and nerves ever nearer breaking point. Casualties during this phase were evidently much heavier than was realised by the public at home, already set for victory. In his last attack of the war, against German shipping concentrating for possible escape to Norway, M. Clostermann set out with 24 Tempests and brought back 13. This was on May 9th, 1945, only just before the Armistice ; and, as M. Clostermann says, for such survivors as himself, "the snapping of the tension was dreadful, as painful as a surgical operation."

It could hardly have been otherwise. As he tells the story, M. Clostermann's own survival while so many of his friends died has an element of brutish chance about it. But if at the end he allows himself a few bitter generalisations, he does not overdo this, which is proper ; for the link between the young men duelling in the air and the causes for which they fought would not be easy to trace. But this is a truth about war which Tolstoy and others stressed long ago.

T. R. FYVEL

This War Business. By A. G. Enock. *Bodley Head. 18s.*

Non tali auxilio. Not by a good heart, nor by an industrious pair of scissors, nor even by a Quakerish leaning towards Christ can one produce a book whose anti-war theme makes practical sense. Invoking in aid no less than three forewords—by Dr. L. P. Jacks, Professor Kathleen Lonsdale and (surprisingly) General Fuller—Mr. Enock has reminded us once again, as the League did in the dead, ineffective Thirties, of the gross waste of war and the preparations for war: the ghastly toll of dead, the burden of budgets, the sacrifice of social welfare—here is the old, scarifying story; here is where we came in. And so what? General Fuller observes mildly in his foreword that the author neglects the part which statecraft plays in creating the conditions out of which war arises. Having assembled his damning figures of loss and waste, Mr. Enock has nothing more constructive to propound than the suggestion that the U.S.S.R. might disarm unilaterally. Western Europe, in his view, must arm: otherwise it would be invaded and subjected to "the hideous practice of compelling human bodies and souls to conform to a dialectical and purely logical materialism." But if the Russians were to disband their armies, thus eliminating the threat of World War III, they could safely rely on the West's willingness, as God-fearing democracies, to observe the canons of a "live and let live" philosophy. It is as simple as that. Mr. Enock, who appears to cherish an abiding loyalty to Mr. Neville Chamberlain for his peace efforts at Godesberg, has no doubt that N.A.T.O., with the blessing of the United Nations, is a pacific organisation which, however costly in budgetary provisions for arms, intends well. But, in his foreword, Dr. Jacks has a word to say. "So long as armaments exist on the great scale . . . war between the nations so maintaining them is, sooner or later, inevitable, irrespective of whether the armaments are ostensibly created for defence or attack." In this long, ramshackle book, that dictum shines like metal in the dross.

Central and South-East Europe, 1945-48. Edited by R. R. Betts. *Royal Institute of International Affairs. 18s.*

Revolutions, like pedigree wine, need to age a little before they can appeal to, or be accurately judged by, the dispassionate historian's palate. This collection of papers surveying the revolutionary process in the six "Eastern democracies" up to the end of 1948 has the inevitable defects of history written too near the event and brought to an end at a date, arbitrarily chosen, which does not represent the actual conclusion of a distinguishable phase. It is true that, during the past two years, the tempo of transition in Eastern Europe from "People's democracy" to full Socialism has been greatly speeded up ; but this development was inherent in what went before, and can now be seen to underlie the Cominform quarrel with Yugoslavia, the Rajk trial in Hungary, and the eclipse of Gomulka in Poland. Professor Betts and his team are therefore dealing with "unfinished business" ; and, in the light of subsequent events, some of the judgments implied in their commentary perhaps require qualification. For instance, in his observation that "no sort of international plan has been evolved" in Eastern Europe, Professor Betts discounts prematurely the work done since 1948 by the Council for Mutual Economic Assistance and, in particular, the marked extension of joint Czech-Polish planning. With this reservation, his group of Chatham House experts have done a workmanlike and useful job. So much water has flowed so rapidly down the Danube and the Vistula since 1945 that these objective, factual summaries of events make a valuable remembrancer. It can be inferred that most, perhaps all, of the writers find a good deal that is repellent in the way eggs are broken to make a Marx-Stalinist omelette ; but they do not seek to disparage the solid economic and social achievements of the revolutions, nor even to deny that some of the eggs needed breaking.

Week-end Competitions

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Set by R. K. Buchanan.

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Set by Tony Trussom

An American is reported as having hesitated to accept the bequest of a stately home in England because of a condition that he should take up residence there. "I don't want to be an English gentleman with nothing to do all day but sit and eat crumpets." The usual prizes are offered for a set of three comments from Englishmen faced with similar bequests requiring residence in other countries.

Report by Tony Trussom

J. P. Stevenson summed up the whole of our native disinclination to live elsewhere with the remark "We'd miss—well, people we could mix with. Besides we've a daughter to educate." The objection

Company Meetings

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY

RECORD PRODUCTION, SALES AND PROFITS

THE 52nd annual general meeting of the Dunlop Rubber Company, Limited, was held on Monday, June 11, in London.

Sir Clive Baillieu, K.B.E., C.M.G., the chairman, in the course of his speech, said: The activities and achievements of the Dunlop Group of Companies during the year 1950 have been notable in many ways. It has been a year of outstanding success in which, at home and overseas, records in volume of production and in value of sales have been attained. Operating profits constitute a record, an outstanding contribution thereto having been made by our export and overseas activities. Not less than two-thirds of our profits came from this source.

You will note that, after bearing the very heavy burden of taxation now demanded, by far the largest part of the increased profits earned in 1950 by the Group has been placed to reserve either in the Parent Company or in the Accounts of the various subsidiaries at home and overseas. Thus reserves are strengthened for future contingencies and the provision of the further finance required under present conditions is eased.

Prices of commodities rose throughout 1950. The rise in the sterling cost of raw materials was initiated by devaluation of the pound in September, 1949, but was greatly accentuated by the uncertain political conditions prevailing throughout the year and by the demands for stockpiling.

The price of rubber during the period under review fluctuated between a low price of 15d. per pound and a high price of 68d. per pound. During the same period cotton prices showed an increase of up to 90 per cent. Such wide and sharp fluctuations in raw material prices create many problems for those who are responsible in a great organisation for providing its supplies of essential materials. The increased price of these materials during 1950 inevitably resulted in an overall increase in the selling price of our products.

Notwithstanding the increasing pressure on costs, we have always given our customers substantial benefits deriving from our inventories in a rising market.

High material costs also greatly increased the total capital requirements of the Group. At the end of 1950, this was over £100 million compared with £73 million at the end of 1949, and £35 million at the end of 1939. Such high figures involve considerable financial risks, which is an added reason for strengthening reserves out of profits.

I do not think it is yet sufficiently recognised that increasing taxation of industrial profits is exhausting the capital resources of industry. The more this process goes on, the more must industry earn higher and higher profits with which to pay these taxes and maintain its capital, plant and equipment, without which industry simply cannot function. This vicious spiral of increasing taxes, higher costs, higher prices and greater profits only serves to increase inflationary pressures.

Attempts have been made to assess the degree of exhaustion of industry's capital. These are not yet conclusive, but the pattern is clear. Industrial resources are being steadily absorbed by the vast increases in the Working Capital requirements, from which the profits of industry, high as they superficially appear to be, are in fact, insufficient.

Tyres are still by far the most important of all our products and upon them our goodwill has been built and has to be maintained.

Since the war "Fort Dunlop" has become almost entirely engaged on the manufacture of tyres, and during 1950 a record volume of production has been achieved there. It continues to be the company's most important factory and is a source of justifiable pride to us all. The outstanding feature of our tyre division for the past year has been the greatly increased volume of production devoted to the original equipment market. The total of all types of tyres issued for original equipment in 1950 substantially exceeded the record deliveries made during 1949.

We have not yet felt the impact of our rearmament. You may be assured that the productive resources of the Group will be fully geared to national requirements, both at home and overseas, whenever they are needed. We have every confidence that for the future we are well placed to discharge our responsibilities to our country, to our shareholders and employees, and to all those who, in ever-increasing numbers, are customers for Dunlop products.

The report was adopted.

MARKS AND SPENCER LIMITED

RISE IN VOLUME OF BUSINESS, PROFIT AND DIVIDEND

The Twenty-fifth Annual General Meeting was held on Thursday, June 7th. In the course of his speech, Sir Simon Marks, D.Sc. (Chairman and Joint Managing Director), stated:

Profit and Loss Account

Net Profits amounted to £2,557,000 (£2,121,000 last year).

Provision for taxation required £3,525,000 (£2,530,000 last year). With the amount brought forward there is available for distribution £6,529,000.

A final dividend of 60 per cent., making 75 per cent. (less tax) (last year 60 per cent.), on Ordinary and "A" Ordinary Share Capital is proposed, absorbing £879,500 (against £713,925).

After appropriations the carry-forward is £4,663,000.

Profits of our Subsidiary Companies (not included in our accounts) amount to £84,821, and their reserves £200,000.

Capitalisation of Reserves

It is proposed to make a distribution of one "A" Ordinary Share in respect of every 45 Ordinary and/or "A" Ordinary Shares held on 19th May, 1951.

Our total Reserves, including Capital Reserves, now amount to £9,332,000, an increase of £1,522,000.

Store Developments

We now operate 232 Stores. Since the war we have opened three Stores, Sheffield, Norwich and Leeds (a replacement).

We have extended 12 Stores and modernised nearly 100 Stores.

Of the 16 Stores destroyed in the war, we are rebuilding at Exeter, Plymouth, Sheffield, Yarmouth, Clacton and Bristol, and hope shortly to start work at Southampton.

Exports

In view of the national need, we have directed a larger proportion of our sales to hard currency areas.

General Survey

We report a rise in our volume of business of 25 per cent. over the preceding year, and 47 per cent. above 1949.

It is only during the past two years we have been able progressively to increase our production of a wider range of goods, which in price and quality, fit the purse of our public.

Stock in trade stands at £4,372,000 compared with £2,894,000 last year.

Advances to Subsidiary Companies have grown from £1,134,000 to £2,442,000. To ensure regular supplies of goods we have had to take an increasing interest in the production of basic materials, to be made up into garments.

Without regular supplies of cloth no manufacturer can produce efficiently and economically. Our Subsidiaries are responsible for the dyeing, printing and finishing of grey cloth, which we allocate to our garment manufacturers.

Our Stores are presenting a range of articles of good quality, attractive and inexpensive. The fruits of continuous upgrading can be seen in improved styling, design and finish, and our goods are appealing to a widening section of the public.

Our relations with suppliers are based on mutual understanding and confidence. We value their efforts and are grateful for their co-operation. It is combined team work which produces merchandise at prices which, to some extent, mitigate the rising cost of living.

The increase in prices of raw material has created acute problems for the manufacturer and the retailer. Merchandise is being sold to-day at prices much below its present replacement cost.

Our manufacturers have a common interest in countering an upward movement of prices; together we can do much to keep prices within reach of our public.

Our manufacturers have invested considerably in new machinery and equipment. It has always been our joint policy to pass on to the public the benefits of efficient production. Our business grows by our co-operation with suppliers in creating and offering the best values.

Certain commodities have recently declined from their peak levels—e.g., Wool and Rubber, and it may be we shall face further falls in prices of raw materials. Therefore we have thought it prudent to increase our Stock Contingency Fund to £500,000.

Retail Stores

It has always been our policy to keep our Stores up to date and attractive, which involves considerable outlay. We believe it to be an excellent investment, as the accounts before you indicate. We have modernised a number of Stores, but much remains to be done.

The original cost of our properties and their development was nearly £11,000,000. They stand in our books, after depreciation, at £8,342,000. Their replacement value to-day would be greatly in excess of these figures.

Staff and Welfare

Our employees now number over 20,000. A loyal and efficient staff is indispensable for the successful conduct of a business.

We give a great deal of thought to the well-being of our staff. Our Welfare Department directs its efforts to creating pleasant and healthful conditions of work.

We have always laid stress on the need for the development of a team spirit amongst our staff. The fruits of this are seen in the courtesy, competence and helpfulness which characterise our sales staff in their relations with our customers.

I am sure you would wish to join with me in expressing our appreciation of the loyalty and devotion of our staff.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.

Allotment letters will be posted on 23rd July.

TELEPHONE RENTALS LIMITED

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL YEAR.

The 22nd annual general meeting of Telephone Rentals Limited was held on June 11 in London, Mr. Fred. T. Jackson, O.B.E., Comp.I.E.E. (Chairman and Joint Managing Director), presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated statement:

It is with pleasure that I am able once again to report another successful year in which the company has made considerably larger profits than in the previous year.

The results achieved for the first four months of this year are again satisfactory and should enable us to put forward accounts for the current year which will not compare unfavourably with those you are at present considering.

We have, however, to take into consideration the possibility of a severe shortage of materials. We have taken all steps in our power to prevent our suffering unduly, but I do wish that the Government would relinquish their bulk buying and leave the industries of this country to make their own arrangements for supplies.

During the year under review your company has received a greater number of enquiries for its various services than ever before.

We offer a composite service, which consists of Telephones, Broadcasting, Time Control and Job Costing. And, without exaggeration, the whole of these services are of the utmost importance at the present time, when shortage of labour is acute and reduction in production costs is essential.

The report and accounts were adopted.

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is not only applicable to Italy. So, too, D. R. Peddy's objection to China is really a universal bar: "I can more or less get along with Englishwomen however difficult, but to have to approach the whole matter from a different angle . . ." The crude English view of French life is expressed by Stanley Umpleby: ". . . eating frogs all day and being cuckolded all night while I'm at the Folies Bergère." A more refined expression for the same view: "Hardly the time of life to be settling down in France. The girls, you know, are growing up" (William Chittenden). While D. R. Peddy is again sophisticated "It isn't that I object to Mistresses on moral grounds—but a certain amount of sleep is after all important." As to French food E. Negus plaintively asks: "I wonder if cook would come?" H. A. C. Evans is quite decided: "Why should I live in Paris. I'm not a painter, and I'm happily married." E. Negus also has a neat backhand on Germany: "Why move to another sausage eating country?" Food too is the principal objection to Italy which is ceasing in our legend, it appears, to be the land of ice-cream (America has taken over) and organ grinders and gigolos. The Italian film industry is having its effect: "I wouldn't be an Italian gent, either. Always being fussdoodled by your starving peasantry and having to twist your fork in that macaroni stuff whenever you want something to eat." *Pasta*, one gathers, is an insuperable bar to Italy. To Scotland it's the dress, put at its most succinct by Pauline Willis's Cockney; "Cor blimey! ME in a skirt. . . ." Among the more outlandish there are three to whom I award a consolation prize of half a guinea:

I should feel terribly out of it in Israel; I'm rather a Philistine, you know, and I can't tell one commandment from another. (Wee Free).

What! Be an Icelander and let myself be scrubbed down by my neighbour's wife? (Edward Blishen).

I don't want to live in Cuba and have my daughters go around rolling cigars on their thighs. (H. V. S. Page).

The rest of the prize money is divided between the four printed below.

ITALY

"What, live there, and think every blighter's lost his bike?"

POLAND

". . . and spiv it with those chaps on their own ground?"

TRISTAN DA CUNHA

". . . and be a blooming statistic?"

MARTIN JORDAN

GERMANY

"But my dear, those frightful little Tyrolean hats!"

EIRE

"Surely nobody *lives* there?"

MOROCCO

"Of course, those Sheiks and things are absolutely wonderful, but do you know, dear, I'm not sure that I wouldn't be just the teeniest bit nervous."

CHRIS. JACKSON

I have no intention of spending my days:—

(a) playing rounders in knickerbockers and being reported on by Dr. Kinsey;

(b) spitting in the Liffey and exchanging tall stories about intoxicated leprechauns;

(c) bathing in the altogether with crowds of aseptic women, all looking exactly like Mai Zetterling.

FRANK DUNHILL

"Personally, I could never get used to being hailed as 'bud' by the boot-boy."

"Some of the Free French were charming. But I have three daughters, and I feel that their safety comes first."

"You could hardly go out at night for fear of being bashed over the head with an usquebaugh, or something."

MAURICE HARVEY

If blue roses make you see red...

turn from page 265 of this quarter's *Countryman* and read of a skylark outwitting cows, an Iceland farmer's party, midnight bird-watching. From articles by experts to unusual observations by amateurs, the *Countryman* brings you authentic news, view, poetry, pictures. Whether your roots go no deeper than a town flower-pot, or are fast in broad acres, if you love the countryside you will love the *Countryman*.

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CHESS: Best or Worst Moves

No. 89

I agree with correspondents who pointed out that what usually matters is a sequence of moves rather than an individual one whose merits or demerits cannot easily be assessed out of context. When inviting readers to submit the best and or worst move ever played by or against them, what I meant, of course, was the most spectacular blow or blunder. The response was so good that I shall have to deal with the subject at least once again. Further entries are still welcome. Those printed will be rewarded with the usual chessbook-token.

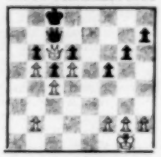
Telling a story against himself, F. A. Rhoden sent in this position reached in a match game against W. A. Winser (Black) who played Kt x Kt. Being in desperate time trouble and eager for simplifications Rhoden played B x B and was promptly knocked out by his opponent's spectacular Kt-Kt6. Certainly not a very pleasant situation to face with the "flag" on one's clock trembling to drop!

D. E. Cohen starts his story with the remarkable revelation that the worst move ever played against him was (1) . . . P-K4. But the story begins to make considerable sense (and some theoretical interest too) when we learn that Cohen received the odds of P and 2 moves. He had played P-K4 and Kt-QB3 and refuted the above-mentioned "worst move" by what might well be called a "mating attack from scratch"— (3) Q-R5 ch, K-K2, (4) Q x P ch, K-B2, (5) B-B4 ch, K-Kt3, (6) Kt-R3, etc. My only comment is that someone who dares to give one of our crack solvers P and 2 moves ought to know better.

The next position was reached in a simultaneous performance by Gerald Abrahams (White). His opponent offered a draw which may well have been the best move he ever made if only the offer had been accepted. But Abrahams played P-K6, whereupon Black resigned.

In this week's competition **A** is a position actually reached in a game. White won in what seems to be the only possible way. Competitors need not give the precise sequence of moves actually made; all I want (for 6 ladder points) is the key move and the basic idea of the winning line.

A: K. Hartmann 1951



For refuting Emanuel Lasker 5 points may seem niggardly. But competitors should not have much trouble in proving why the champion was wrong in claiming that Black (to move) could not force a win.

B: Eman. Lasker 1926

C: Henri Rinck 1917

As for **C**—White to win—this should be well worth all of 8 points. Usual prizes. Entries by June 25.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set May 26

A: (1) P-Kt6, R-B6 ch, (2) K-Kt2, KxP, (3) KtxP, etc., if (2) . . . R-KR6, (3) P-Kt7, RxP ch, (4) K-B1! (K-Kt3 would only draw), R-Kt7, (5) P queens, etc.

B: (1) R-Q7 ch, K-B1, (2) R-B7 ch, K-Q1, (3) KR-Q7 ch, K-K1, (4) R-QR7, R-KB4, (5) K-B7, KR-QKt8, (6) R-KR7, R-Q1, (7) R-R8 ch, K-K2, (8) K-B6 ch, etc.

C: (1) K-B5, B-K7, (2) K-B4, K-Kt7, (3) K-Kt5, K-B6, (4) P-KR5, K-K6, (5) P-R6, B-Q6, (6) P-R5, etc.

If (1) . . . K-K6, (2) P-QR5, K-Q5, (3) P-Kt6, PxP, (4) PxP, K-B4, (5) K-B4, B-Q4, (6) K-K5, etc.

This wasn't exactly an easy set; yet, more competitors than I have space to mention got them all right (or as nearly so as to drop only a point or two). Prizes shared by K. Beaumont, J. R. Harman, M. Kaye, A. Schneider. A bouquet to P. B. Sarson for having tackled the Marathon endgame resulting in one variation of the Troitzky.

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UNIVERSITY of Birmingham Extra-Mural Department. Third Annual Music Summer School at Attingham Park, Shropshire, July 31-August 7. "The Heritage of English Music." Lecturers include Alan Bush, Robert Donington, Edmund Rubbra, Wilfrid Mellers, Bernard Stevens. Artists include The Deller Consort, The Rubbra-Gruenberg-Pleeth Trio, Desmond Dupré, George Miles. Inclusive fee £5 5s. Details from Extra-Mural Dept., The University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3.

URGENT. "Africa and the Labour Movement," July 14-21, at The Rookery, Oxford. Closing date for applications June 20. A few scholarships available where necessary. Details from Union of Democratic Control, 32 Victoria St., London, S.W.1. Abbey 3770.

SUMMER Film School at Bangor. The eighth Summer Film School of the British Film Institute will be held from August 7 to 21 at the University College in North Wales. Excellent accommodation in single rooms (running h. & c. water). A thorough and comprehensive course of lectures (mornings) by leading film technicians and critics; afternoons and Sundays free (film programmes if wet); three-hour film programme of classics from the collection in the National Film Library each evening. Film production. Inclusive fee for tuition, fortnight's board and accommodation, £13 13s. The Course is recognised for grant purposes by the Ministry of Education. Enquiries to Course Secretary, British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2. TEMple Bar 1642.

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POTTERY Summer School at Bath will be held for 2 weeks from July 30 to Aug. 10. Fee £10 10s. Particulars from John Shelley, The Bath Pottery, 39 Gay St.

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YOUNG married woman with boy (2 yrs.) reqs. suitable accom., pref. sharing with similar lady/family. Willing exchange baby sitting. London area preferred. Box 3436.

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SWISS girl, trav. to New York July/Aug. seeks full/part paid passage in return services, children, nursing, etc. Box 3707.

SPAIN. Madrid. English lady offers accom. in large flat to visitors. Write! Proud. Menendez. Pelayo 6-60, Madrid.

DEVON. Vacancies in lovely country house party, August. Box 3397.

EDINBURGH. Regency but labour-saving house to let Aug. 1-25. Central. Sleep 6. Rent incl. gas, all electricity and daily help, 10*gns.* Box 3833.

BRITTANY, nr. Dinard. Furn. villa, sleeps six, ten mins. lovely sands, free July 28, 17 days, 15*gns.* Box 4234.

PERSONAL—continued

JOHN Vickers, Photographer, has a vacancy for young man 16-19, in junior position where previous experience would be valuable but not essential. Write or 'phone, 29B Belgrave Rd., S.W.1. VIC. 4915.

YOUNG Scotswoman, graduate, wishes residential work July, August, pref. S.W. England. Domestic, clerical, anything considered. Small salary. Box 3864.

FURN. flat available, N.W. London, 4 weeks July. Box 4105.

WANTED to exchange, Sept. 22, one week, 1-bedroomed house Dorset coast for small London flat. Box 3543.

CHIPPING Campden, July 21-August 4. 2 Detached modern house, 3 bed., 2 sit. 6*gns.* p.w. Box 3809.

LONDON, W.6, furn. ground-floor flat to let. Aug. Sleep 2/3, £4. Box 3471.

PICARDY. Guests welcomed modernised country house, spacious grounds, only 5½ hrs. London. Farm produce. Free garage. £6 6s. Mme. Cleran, Château d'Austruy, Réty, P. de C., France.

LONDON Medical student, ex-Service, commissioned, seeks vacation employment, Aug.-Sept. Home or abroad, any hours. Anything considered. Box 3528.

OXFORD couple offer 6-room flat, garden, near city centre, July (incl. Festival) and/or August, exchange cottage or small house in country. Box 3517.

TWO Students (m./f.) req. vac. work. Some French/Russian. Box 3918.

YOUNG bachelor invites another, twenties, to join him on Continental holiday from mid-July. Seaside or mountain walking. Box 3831.

WESTON-super-Mare. Caravan, near sea. To Valet. Rd., W.S.M.

SPAIN. Comfort, interesting food, bathing, fishing, etc. Write: Jackson, Barcenaciones, Santander.

HOLIDAYS: International author will take selected guests on his two-mile Mountain Lake estate near Dublin. Alpine setting, fishing, boating, lake bathing, swimming, tennis, archery, shooting, pine forests, folk singing, etc. All modern conveniences. No food rationing. Interested in people. Nominal fee. Box 3371.

WE are known for our seaside house-parties for boys and girls, 4-15—this year at Felixstowe. Spacious college adjoining beach. Brochure: Junior Holidays (NS), 69 Wigmore St., W.1. LAN. 2959.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6942.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Complete antique furnishing schemes undertaken in the elegant, earthy, or picturesque, to absurdly low cost and client's exact advance quotation. Write Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

ZEST for work & pleasure! A 7-day Relaxation/Nature Cure regime in a delightful bijou Guest House will restore mental and physical poise and vigour to the tired personality. Brochure: Vernon Symonds, "The Brooklands," Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. Hastings 2832.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

OFFICERS and Executives Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal loans from £30.

LONDON Panel of Personal Consultants. Please write for brochure to the Hon. Secretary, 10 York Gate, N.W.1.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

SEE Spain this Summer, Autumn or Winter. 14 wonderful days on the Costa Brava from £26 3s. 3d. Palma de Mallorca from £26. Malaga from £28 7s. 7d. All fully inclusive. Special Cruises. July 6: Pilgrimage cruise to Holy Land. (Haifa - Nazareth - Jerusalem-Naples). Cost from £171 10s. July 17: Marseilles - Algiers - Casablanca - Cadiz - Lisbon-Bordeaux), and August 24 (Bordeaux-Vigo-Lisbon-Malaga-Palma-Marseilles), both from £48. Send now for full details to: See Spain, Ltd., 78 New Oxford St., W.C.1. (Entrance Dyott St.).

CORSICA. The Anglo-French Camp de l'Horizon on Calvi Bay is now open. Return air trip (London/Calvi direct) and complete fortnight of sunshine, good food, perfect freedom, for £35 10s. Few vacancies remain for July, end of August, September. Apply at once to Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. City 7163/4.

BARCELONA & Costa Brava, 15 days. Mixed party more interested in people than fashion leaves June 29 & Sept. 2. Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1. MUS. 5395.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

PERSONAL—continued

CLAIDEN. Lilo and Dan Claiden have a daughter, Nichola. Born Friday, May 25, 1951, at Queen Charlotte's Hospital. Address now: Braeside, Barrows Rd., Cheddar, Som.

CONDUCTOR willing to take weekly practices of amateur or student orchestra. Reply Box 3552.

EDUCATED Swedish girl, excellent English, accustomed to Eng. families, wants post as mother's help/ similar. Greta Straadberg, Surbrunnsgatan, 55 d.g.n.b., Stockholm.

DO You Write? Then apply to-day for Free Lesson and Plot Guide which will show you how to achieve success, also your copy of "Authorship" giving details of famous Courses by Beverley Nichols, Enid Blyton, John Brophy, etc. Your MS. criticised without fee or obligation. School of Authorship, Ltd. (JP88), 8 Duke St., London, W.1.

FRANCE. Accommodation in French families on Paying Guest basis. Write for particulars (stamp) to: Mrs. Marion Guild, 130 Crawford St., London, W.1.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Kölleström, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

HALL for hire Leics. Sq. Dances, Socials, Plays, etc., 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 3561.

RUSSIAN, German, French, by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

INSTANTANBOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulet cards, 6s. 6d., Phorestan Co., 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

CAPRI holiday. Join my small party visiting also Paris, Rome, Naples, Amalfi, Sorrento, Pompeii. 17 days incl. 49*gns.* Full details: Mr. John Lamming, Allways Travel, 17 Sicilian Ave., W.C.1. Cha 6436/7.

SPAIN. Costa Brava. Barcelona. 15 days June 29 or Sept. Small, mixed, unconventional party escorted not herded. Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1. Mus. 5395.

DELIGHTFUL Hotels at 18s. 6d. per day inclusive—in Austria, Spain, Switzerland and France! Take a glorious holiday at famous resorts (or off the beaten track) at surprisingly low cost. Travel in small parties or independently; Vacancies August & September—full details and illustrated brochures from Bridge Travel Co., Ltd. (NS), 59 Crawford Street, London, W.1 (Ambassador 4434/5).

CORSICA. An enchanting fortnight under canvas amongst the pines by the Mediterranean. Perfect climate and wonderful scenery. Swimming, games, dancing, etc. Good food. By air from London, including 2 nights in Paris, £39 (or overland, £30). Vacancies still available for September. Also individual holidays arranged. Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd. (Corsica Tourist Office), 22 Bury Place, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

SPAIN. Furnished cottage with service to let for long or short periods. Modern, h. & c. water, good communications, bathing, fishing. Write Jackson, Barcenaciones, Santander.

WALKING Tours in most foreign countries. Bernese Oberland, the Tyrol, Luxembourg, Bavaria, Savoy, the Dolomites, etc. Full programmes from Ramblers' Association Services, 48 (V), Park Road, Baker St., N.W.1. AMB 2495.

GAY holiday: you will enjoy your holiday with a party of young professional people in search of sun and fun. Unspoilt lake-side holiday in Innsbruck/Salzburg, sea bathing, walking, June 29 or July 6. Also South of France party, July 6. Full details: Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

P.S. "Ever let the Fancy roam! Pleasure never is at home."—Follow Keats' advice, your Fancy and Harold Ingham's continental programme.

P.P.S. He will send you a copy from 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow. (Harrow 1040.)

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. Nursery 8*gns.*, K.G. 15*gns.*, Junior and Senior School 18*gns.*

HILL House, Steeple Claydon, nr. Bletchley, Bucks., home boarding school, co-ed., 2-12. Fees £40 term. Good acad. results. Children/parents welcome in holidays. Mrs. J. E. M. Winter, B.A.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls 5 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A. Ed. B.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1951 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School. Day School: 5-18. 40, Eton Ave., Hampstead. Boarding School: Stunford Park, nr. Rugby. Realistic, modern approach. Boys & Girls, 5-18. Swimming, Riding. H. & E. Paul, Ph.D.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss B. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales & Monmouthshire.—The Council of the College invites applications for the Montague Burton Chair of Industrial Relations at a salary of £1,700 p.a. Applicants should be of good academic standing, and should have special knowledge (by direct experience or through academic research) of Industrial Relations and/or Industrial Organization. Graduates in subjects other than Economics may be considered, and lack of previous experience of University teaching will not be considered a disqualification. Candidates should submit the names of three referees, and send on or before June 30, 1951, 12 copies of their applications to the undersigned from whom further particulars may be obtained. (Signed) E. R. Evans, Registrar, Cathays Park, Cardiff.

UNIVERSITY of Natal, Pietermaritzburg and Durban, South Africa: Professorship in Education.—Applications are invited for the above Chair, tenable in Pietermaritzburg, the duties to commence on March 1, 1952. Salary scales: Men, £850 × 30—£1,180 × 20—£1,200; Women, £600 × 25—£900; plus a cost of living allowance, at present £256 per annum for a married man and £109 for a single person. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is July 15, 1951.

THE University of Manchester. Extra-Mural Department. Applications are invited for the post of Resident Staff Tutor for Burnley and district, with the salary and status of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in the University. Salary scale: Lecturer £500–£1,100, Assistant Lecturer £450–£500. Membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Initial salary of Lecturer according to qualifications and experience. Candidates should have a good honours degree in one of the subjects ordinarily taught in W.E.A. and adult classes. Duties to commence on September 29, 1951, or as soon as possible thereafter. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Registrars, the University, Manchester, 13, to whom applications should be sent not later than June 30, 1951.

SENIOR Branch of the Foreign Service. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications (or not more than two parts in Grade 7 (First Secretary/Consul) of the Senior Branch of the Foreign Service. Candidates must be at least 32 and under 42 years of age on August 1, 1951. Recruitment is normally from University graduates, but other candidates of good education will be considered. They will be expected to have a sound knowledge of international problems and to have experience of administrative or other work of a responsible nature, which in the Commissioners' opinion renders them suitable for the Senior Branch of the Foreign Service and for work at First Secretary level. They must also possess a competent knowledge of one foreign language. Though these are not specialist posts, there is particular need of candidates with a knowledge of Burmese, Siamese, Arabic or the Slavonic languages. Candidates may be required to undergo an oral test. Salary scale £1,000 × £40—£1,200 × £50—£1,375 (men); £880 × £40—£1,200 (women), with allowances at overseas posts to meet the cost of living. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4033/51, completed application forms must reach him by June 30, 1951.

LOUGHBOROUGH College: President, Major-General W. F. Hasted, C.B., C.I.E., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C. The Training College: Principal, J. W. Bridgeman, B.Sc., A.K.C.—Appointment of Vice-Principal (woman). Commencing in September, 1952, this Training College will offer a fully recognised three-year course for women in Physical Education, Music, Dance and Drama, and in consequence the College Governors will appoint a Woman Vice-Principal as from September 1, 1951, or as soon after that date as possible. During the academic year 1951–52 the Vice-Principal will take a leading part in planning the new course, selecting the first group of about forty-five students and appointing women staff. It is intended that the number of students will rise over three years to a total of 180. High academic qualifications and good and varied teaching experience are desirable. A lively keen love of the Arts and a sympathetic understanding of human nature are essential. The Vice-Principal will be assisted by a Deputy-Principal with special qualifications in Physical Education and it is intended that women lecturers to be appointed and the present staff of the Training College will work together. The salary offered is £900 p.a., rising by annual increments of £25 to £1,150. New halls of residence for women and a house on the same site for the Vice-Principal are in course of construction. The emoluments will include free meals in hall as well as this house rent-free on completion. The Vice-Principal will be the head of the women's halls of residence. A memorandum giving further details can be obtained from the Registrar, Loughborough College, Leicestershire. Applications, together with two testimonials and the names of three referees, should reach him by June 29, 1951.

MANAGERESS required country club, Surrey. Live in. Box 4205.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY College of Hull. Warden (resident) for Camp Hall (the men's Hall of Residence). Salary £600 × £50—£800, with child allowance and benefits under F.S.S.U. While the Hall continues to house substantially more than 150 students, a supplement of £150 a year will be paid. Further particulars can be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications (six copies) are to be sent not later than July 1, 1951.

UNIVERSITY College, Southampton. Department of Economics. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Statistics. Salary scale £400 × £50—£500 plus superannuation and children's allowance. Further partics. and details of applic. can be obtained from the Secretary and Registrar.

DEPARTMENT of Justice, New Zealand. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons to fill the position of Senior Probation Officer (Female), Auckland. Commencing salary £580 N.Z. per annum; maximum £660 N.Z. per annum, plus 15% General Wage increase. Applicants should be of good educational standard, not lower than the equivalent of the New Zealand University Entrance Examination. A University degree in appropriate subjects, e.g., Psychology or Public Administration, would be an added recommendation. Full information, conditions of service, and application forms may be obtained from: The High Commissioner for New Zealand, 415 Strand, London, W.C.2, with whom completed applications (accompanied by copies only of two recent testimonials) should be lodged not later than June 30, 1951.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Drama Producer at Belfast. Requirements are a knowledge of Northern Ireland and of Ulster drama and literature wide experience of producing plays and selecting and editing scripts, organising ability. Salary £925 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with five annual increments to maximum £1,195. Applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Drama, N. Ireland, N.Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. requires Programme Assistants for Hebrew Section. Duties include translation from English into Hebrew and reading news bulletins and talks in Hebrew at the microphone. First-rate Hebrew scholarship are essential. A good education, wide general knowledge, an interest in, and the ability to write commentaries and scripts on current affairs, and cultural topics, are also required. Selected candidates will be required to pass voice and translation tests. Salary £655 with prospects of promotion on merit. Appointment normally for not more than three years. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Hebrew N. Stm." within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. reqs. typists able to type in Hebrew from dictation. Good typing and a thorough knowledge of the language are essential. No staff vacancies at present but suitable candidates will be considered for temporary work now and for staff vacancies when they arise. Salary in a grade with maximum £6 5s. 0d. plus 10s. language allowance. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1., marked "Hebrew typists N. Stm." within a week. For acknoledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

THE Magdalen Hospital Classifying School for Girls between the ages of 14-17 years (within the Home Office Approved School Service), Drewstead Rd., Streatham, S.W.16. The Managers invite applications for the following posts:—(1) Educational Psychologist, full-time, non-resident. The successful applicant would be required to carry out mental testing, remedial coaching, and to advise on all matters relating to education in the school. Applicants should preferably be over 30 years of age, in which case salary will be within the scale £585, rising by annual increments of £20 to the maximum of £680 (Grade II). The precise point of entry upon the scale will depend on the successful applicant's experience and qualifications. Candidates should give full details of their training, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees. (2) Qualified Teacher, non-resident. Applicants should be experienced, qualified teachers, interested in the problem of delinquency, to teach general subjects and handicrafts. Salary according to the Burnham Scale, plus three increments. (3) Housemistress and Relief Housemistress. These posts are resident and only suitable for women interested in the delinquent adolescent girl. Applicants should have had experience of residential work, preferably with girls under observation, and be experienced in social work. Music and handicrafts an advantage. Commencing salary £290 or according to qualifications, less £78 for board residence. Applicants should be communicants members of the Church of England. Applications in each case should be sent to the Headmistress, giving age and fullest particulars of experience.

APPLICATIONS invited for Area Organisers. Applicants should reside in North, South, East, West or Midlands and will be required to cover several counties. Knowledge of village life and food production essential. Own transport an advantage. State age, experience and salary reqd. Apply Box 4041.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

JOINT Matriculation Board (Universities of Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield and Birmingham). The Board proposes to appoint an Administrative Assistant at a commencing salary between £500 and £600 (with membership of the F.S.S.U. and children's allowance) according to qualifications and experience. Applicants should be University graduates and not more than 35 years of age. The person appointed will be required to perform administrative and general duties in the Board's office and will be on probation for three years. Applications, marked on the envelope "Administrative Assistant," should be submitted to the Secretary, Joint Matriculation Board, 315 Oxford Rd., Manchester, 13, by July 1, 1951. No form of application is provided and testimonials or copies of testimonials are not to be sent; the names and addresses of three persons to whom reference may be made must be included in the application, together with details of the applicant's age, qualifications and previous experience. The successful candidate will be required to take up the appointment on September 1, 1951. J. A. Petch, Secretary to the Board.

GENERAL Manager. The Directors of The Scottish National Orchestra Society Limited, invite applications for the post of General Manager to assume his duties in September, 1951 (resident in Glasgow or district). Details of experience, other qualifications and salary expected should be sent not later than June 30 to The Secretary, 25 Melville St., Edinburgh, 3.

BRIGHTON Education Committee—Applications invited from persons holding certificate or diploma recognised by Association of P.S.Ws. for superannuable appointment as Psychiatric Social Worker. Salary in accordance with Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs). Initial salary according to experience. Conditions of service according to Whitley Council. Training and experience in child guidance methods essential. The appointed candidate will work at the Herbert Hone Clinic, Princes Street, Brighton, a newly organised department—special accommodation and facilities available. Relationship with any member of the Council or any holder of a senior post under the Council must be disclosed. Canvassing will disqualify. Applications with names and addresses of two referees to Education Officer, 54 Old Steine, Brighton, within two weeks from appearance of advertisement. J. G. Drew, Town Clerk, Brighton.

CITY of Bradford Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker for the Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate or other approved Certificate or Diploma. Salary £370 per annum, rising by annual increments of £20 to a maximum of £530 per annum, commencing salary according to experience. The appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and to the successful applicant passing a medical examination. Applications (no forms) giving full particulars of training, qualifications and experience should be forwarded to the Director of Education as soon as possible to H. Leathem, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Bradford.

WEST Sussex County Council. Applics. are invited for the new and interesting post of House Mother to relieve in all residential Homes administered by the Children's Committee; at present these are the Cottage Homes in Chichester, a Family Home at Compton, and a small residential Nursery near Littlehampton. The House Mother will assist in any of the Homes where her services are needed by reason of staff holidays, illness (staff or children), or other emergencies. Applicants should be adaptable and interested in the special needs of children deprived of a normal home life; and should either hold the Child Care Certificate or be experienced in the residential care of children of all ages. Temporary accommodation will be available in each Home, but the House Mother will have her own permanent room at a Nursery Home close to the residential Nursery. Salary £280 16s. per annum, less £60 which will be deducted for board and lodging. Expenses incurred in travelling between the Homes will be paid. Good holidays. Applications from those with children not, unfortunately, acceptable. Forms of application and further particulars obtainable from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester. Closing date two weeks after appearance of this advertisement.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Family Welfare. Persons interested in the care of deprived children are invited to apply to the undersigned for further particulars concerning resident and non-resident employment for the months of June-October in the various Children's Homes and Residential Nurseries for which the Committee is responsible. Homes: Children aged 5-15 years. Nurseries: Children aged 0-5 years. Applicants should state the age group in which they are interested. Quote advt. No. 16415. E. J. Holmes, Children's Officer.

ISLE of Ely County Council. Applications are invited from suitably qualified married couples for the posts of Superintendent and Matron of a Children's Home to be opened shortly at Eastwood House, March. This newly equipped home is to provide accommodation for 20 boys in the first instance, but it is hoped that it will later become a mixed home. Salary and emoluments in accordance with the revised N.J.C. Scales. Application forms can be obtained from the Children's Officer, County Hall, March, and should be returned not later than July 1, 1951.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ESSEX Education Committee. Doucecroft Hostel for Maladjusted Children, Kelvedon.—Applications are invited from married couples for the following posts at this hostel to be opened in the near future. Warden: Burnham salary scale, plus two increments. Matron: salary scale £150–£200. Plus emoluments valued at £78 and £120 respectively for residential duties. Forms of application and further details from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

SHEFFIELD Council of Social Service require qualified Senior Family Case Worker. Social Science Diploma and experience essential. Ability to train students. Salary from £400 to £500 p.a. Apply to General Sec., 155 Norfolk St., Sheffield, 1.

ASSOCIATED Lead Manufacturers, Ltd., require qualified Chemist for Technical development work in the Paint Laboratory of their Millwall Works. Age up to 30 years. B.Sc. or equivalent qualifications, together with at least two years' experience in the Paint Industry essential. The post offers excellent opportunity to keen man who can fit into existing well-knit team. Excellent staff conditions and Pension Scheme. Applicants should write giving full personal particulars, details of education, training and experience and salary required in confidence to: Personnel Manager, Associated Lead Manufacturers, Ltd., 308 West Ferry Road, E.14.

WORKERS' Educational Association, Yorkshire North District. Organising Tutors required for parts of Yorkshire and North Lindsey. Salary scale £450–£650 with superannuation scheme. Applicants should be graduates capable of organising and conducting adult classes in liberal studies. Interest in rural problems an advantage. Further details from G. F. Sedgwick, Blenheim Institute, Blackman Lane, Leeds 2.

MULTIPLE Departmental Store Organisation of National Repute wishes to select a number of senior personnel, not exceeding 35 years of age, for accelerated development with a view to subsequent appointment to executive positions in its Retail Branches and with the future possibility, in certain instances, of appointment to its central organisation. Commencing salaries in the region of £750 per annum will be paid to men of proved ability and status. Successful candidates will be expected to accept assignments anywhere in the United Kingdom. Full details including age, education, experience, present occupation and salary, which will be treated in strict confidence, should be forwarded to Box No. M.D. 513, 10 Hertford Street, W.1.

THE Y.M.C.A. is a world-wide movement. It may offer you the opportunity you seek for a life of service. Applications invited from men between 21 and 30 to train as Secretaries. First essentials: A sense of Christian vocation; a good education; leadership ability in religious, social, educational, and physical activities with youth; good health. Write, giving full particulars of experience and qualifications, to S.6, Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.As., 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

WHY not be a Nurse? Do you know that you can train under delightful conditions in England's loveliest county, and be paid during training an allowance of £200–£225 a year, plus dependants' allowances? Modern Nurses' Home with separate bedrooms and splendid recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 16 miles from London, with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Write to the Matron, The West Hill Hospital, Dartford, Kent, for illustrated brochure and full particulars.

INTERNATIONAL Children's Village in Switzerland. Required from September, British born houseparents for 16 British boys and girls. Man qualified experienced primary teacher, woman responsible for domestic care (one assistant). International outlook essential. German or French desirable. Permanent residential post. Married couple preferred, but would consider brother and sister, or single man teacher and motherly woman. Send stamped, addressed foolscap env. for application form to: B.P.C.V.A., 1 Park Cres., London, W.1.

TWO clever Young Ladies, both under 21, required in Advertising Department of large London Fashion House. One of these young ladies must be clever at figures and a competent book-keeper. The other young lady must be reliable, capable shorthand/typist. Excellent salaries, good prospects. Four weeks' annual paid holiday, excellent working conditions. Mark your letters "Book-keeper or Shorthand/Typist." Box 4137.

REQUIRED for sample room of Coat & Suit House, capable Young Woman, able to sketch accurately. Applicants must have ability to apply system of stock control of samples, and have a stock size figure of bust 35in., waist 27in., hips 38in. No previous Fashion Trade experience is necessary, but an intelligent and conscientious worker is required. Excellent prospects of advancement offered. Reply in confidence to Box 3845, stating age and salary required.

HOLIDAY Tutor wanted to take English Classes in Summer Course for Continental students, held on Suffolk coast from July 25–September 20. Applicants should be men over 25. Teaching experience, organising ability and good discipline essential. Very pleasant holiday post in ideal surroundings. Apply Headmaster, Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FABIAN Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1. Applicns. are invited for the position of Asst. Secretary with organising duties. Commencing sal. £450. Further details from General Secretary to whom applicns. must be returned by July 2, 1951.

NATIONAL Union of Students require urgently Warden (man or woman) to take charge of student hostel in London; should be trained in household management and able to exercise authority—an interesting post. Write to: General Secretary, N.U.S., 3, Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1.

BERMONDSEY Children's Flats. Leader wanted for Sept. Write for partics. from Warden, 80, Bermondsey St., London, S.E.1.

MARRIED couple wanted Sept. Small school N. Dorset. Duties: general subjects, supervision and mattroning. Kindly understanding of difficult children essential. Child welc. New cottage avail. Box 3979.

NURSE Housekeeper required for small convalescent home; full responsibility. Hampstead 2281.

SHORTHAND-typists 120/50 certs. reqd.; £8 p.w. (adults). 38 hrs. Two Sats. off in three. Superan. Fund. Apply General Secy., N.U.R., Unity House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. (EUS. 4771.)

COOK required, male or female, commencing September, for small residential school run on community lines. Nice atmosphere, good pay, lovely country, good accommodation. Westhope Manor School, Craven Arms, Salop.

AT the Grosvenor Secretarial Agency interesting positions await Secs., S/Typists, Typists and all office staff. Perm. and temp. No fee. Open until 7 p.m. Weds. Call—25 Grosvenor St., W.1. Mayfair 2396.

SECRETARY for Art Gallery wanted. Good German, shorthand-typing English and German, secretarial experience. High standard of education and some literary ability indispensable. Box 4233.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

THE Government periodical "The Control Commission for Germany Quarterly Report" (late Monthly Report) has now ceased publication. The Deputy Editor and Staff Writer seeks similar position or publicity work, Great Britain or Colonies. Highest refs. —available August. Box 4360.

YOUNG Administrative Civil Servant, energetic, intelligent, wants constructive, progressive job, pref. abroad. Box 3512.

TWO young women, graduate Administration July, seek gain experience in industry posts. Any offers considered. Box 3484.

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WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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MISCELLANEOUS—continued

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ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd season. Evs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable, 2s. 6d.–12s. 6d. London Agents or Theatre.

CHRISTOPHER Fry's "A Sleep of Prisoners," at St. Thomas' Church, Regent St. Evgs. 8.30 Tues., Sat. 6.30 & 8.30 until June 16. 1s., 2s., 2s. 6d. Bkg. WAT. 4723, at Church or Agencies.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Shaw Festival. Last 2 days 5 & 8. Prog. 2. Wd. Prog. 3. Mems.

TWENTIETH Century. Par. 9582. "Manfred" by Lord Byron. To-day at 7.15.

MERCURY. Par. 5700. Intimate Opera comm. Tues., June 19, 7.30, Sat. 5 & 8, Incl. 1st perf. "Spanish Rivals." by G. Bush.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Last 3 perfs. "The Word of the King." Marc Blitzstein's "The Cradle Will Rock" opens next Fri. Weds. to Suns. 7.30. Members only.

"VAUXHALL Gardens, 1851," revived in a Victorian extravaganza, directed by Archie Harradine (of Players Theatre) at Vauxhall Park Open Air Theatre, South Lambeth Road, S.W.8 (near Vauxhall Bridge), June 16 and 22, at 7.30. Tickets 3s. 6d., 2s., 4s., at the door or phone BRIxton 4901.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. From June 18: Astair & Rogers, "Top Hat" (U). Fr. June 25: Olivier & Leigh, "Lady Hamilton" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., June 17, 7.30. "Le Sorcier du Ciel" (U). French.

"INTOLERANCE." "Birth of a Nation." "October," "Safety Last," "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," "Un Chien Andalou," "Battleship Potemkin," "The Blue Angel" and "Kameradschaft" are films everyone should know. These and many others can be seen in comfort at the Summer Film School at Bangor. Full particulars in our short autumn. Enrolment form: Course Organiser, British Film Inst., 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

NEW Era Film Club. "Nanook of the North", Robert Flaherty's famous classic. "Deadline for Action" (U.S.A.), remarkable film of American Workers' struggle. "The Elephant and the Donkey" (U.S.A.) Wallace Election Film. Central Hall, Westminster. Sat., June 23, 7.30. Mems. 2s. Guests 2s. 6d. Details, tickets & membership: A. Miller, 40a Hermon Hill, E.11.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. New Soviet Film. "Life of Lenin." Tues., June 26. 8. Tkts. 1s. with S.A.E. to Percival, 19 Welbeck Mans., Inglewood Rd., N.W.6. B.S.F.S.

LONDON Choral Society. Conductor: John Tobin. Sunday, June 30, at 5.30 p.m. Handel's "[illegible]" in its entirety, with the original accompaniments. Nina Legros, Irene Baker, Alfred Deller, William Herbert, Scott Joynt, John Dykes Bower (Organ Continuo), Geraint Jones (Harpsichord Continuo). The Tobin Chamber Orchestra. St. Marylebone Parish Church, N.W.1 (By kind permission of the Rector). Admission by programme: 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s., from Chappell's, 50 New Bond St. (MAYfair 7600) and Alfred Hays, 26 Old Bond St. (REGent 4040) and 74 Cornhill (AVEnue 3060).

THE Bach Choir, Royal Albert Hall, Tues., June 19, at 7.30. Mass in B minor (Bach). Ena Mitchell, Kathleen Ferrier, Ronald Bristol, Norman Walker, Richard Standen. The Jacques Orchestra. Cond.: Dr. Reginald Jacques. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 4s., 2s. 6d., at Hall (Ken. 8212). Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

HANDEL Concert. The Henry Wood Concert Society. Royal Albert Hall, Sun., June 24, at 7.30. Israel in Egypt (Part I). Messiah (Part II). Isobel Baillie, Mary Jarred, Heddle Nash, Harold Williams. 1,000 Voices drawn from Yorkshire Choirs. Philharmonia Orchestra. Cond.: Sir Malcolm Sargent. Tickets: 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s., at Hall, usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

LONDON Mozart Players. Cond.: Harry Blech. (Presented by The Haydn-Mozart Society.) Royal Festival Hall, Sun., June 24, at 8. Works by Haydn, Mozart, Schubert. Soloists: Norman Brainin & Peter Schidlof. Tickets: 10s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 6s., 3s. 6d. at Hall (Wat. 3191), usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124, Wigmore St., W.1.

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall. First night, Sat., July 28. Last night, Sat., Sept. 22, at 7.30. Tickets for First and Last Concerts will be allocated by ballot. Ballot No. 1, First Concert. Ballot No. 2, Last Concert. Tickets: Numbered and reserved, 7s. 6d., 6s., 3s. 6d. Unreserved: Orchestra stalls. Written application must be made separately for each ballot (accompanied by stamped addressed envelope), to Royal Albert Hall, S.W.7, before Friday, June 22. Application received after Thursday, June 21, cannot be included in the ballots. Envelopes must be clearly marked in top left-hand corner with number of ballot. Remittance should not be enclosed. No will be supplied with more than two tickets in either ballot. Details of booking arrangements for remaining concerts and Season Tickets will be announced shortly. Orders for these cannot be accepted at present. Prospectus on sale from June 23. Send 6d. Postal Order, not stamps.

ROYAL Empire Society, Craven St. Festival Dance by League of Coloured Peoples, Sat., June 16, 7.30-11.30. Adm. 4s. at door. Music (inc. calypsos) by Ron Summers. Dress optional. Buffet. Bar.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

LONDON Contemporary Music Centre. Orchestral Concert in co-operation with the B.B.C. Studio 1, Maida Vale. Tues. next, at 7.30. William Walton: Scapino, a Comedy Overture. Benjamin Frankel: Violin Concerto (Conducted by composer). Arnold Schoenberg: A Survivor from Warsaw, for Reciter, Male Voice Chorus and Orchestra. Constant Lambert: Dirge from "Cymbeline" (Shakespeare) (Conducted by composer). Alan Bush: *The Nottingham Symphony *First performance in London). Soloists: Max Rostal, George Baker. London Philharmonic Orchestra. London Philharmonic Choir. Cond.: Clarence Raybould. Admission to members only. For details of membership please apply: L.C.M.C., c/o 160 Wardour St., W.1. Tel.: Museum 3930.

FOLK Dances of the British Isles: Three performances at the Royal Albert Hall, 7.30 p.m. June 21, 22, 23. Dancers from Scotland, Ireland and all parts of England. Singers from Wales. Guest Team from Yugoslavia. Tickets: 2s. to 15s., from R.A.H. (KEN. 8212), and usual agencies.

W.M.A. present Barrhead Co-operative Junior Choir (finalists Fes. of Brit. Contest). Central Hall, Westminster, S.W.1, June 22 at 7.30 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Recital by Rudiakoff (Israeli Pianist), Sun., June 17, 8 p.m. Non-members 1s.

PERCY Judd (baritone), Bertram Harrison (piano). R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket. Thurs. next, at 8. Songs by Dowland, Morley, Finzi, Faure, Duparc, Wolf, Strauss. 5s., 3s., at door, agents. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Chaveaux.

A FESTIVAL Dance and Social will be held at Caxton Hall, Westminster, on Friday, June 22, at 7.30, by the Ceylon Students in Britain. Licensed bar and buffet. Tickets, single 3s. 6d., double 4s. 6d.

FESTIVAL of Britain River Cruise with private party, June 30. Details, Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (Tel. LANgham 6593). Dancing to a first-class band on Saturday, June 16, from 7.30-11 p.m., at 81 Portland Place, W.1. Admission 2s. members, guests 3s.

W.M.A. Festival Garden Party, 14 Kensington Sq., W.8, on Saturday, June 30, at 2.30.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints. The whole range on show at 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner Lincoln's Inn Fields), every day 9.0-6.0 & Sat. mornings.

500 YEARS of English Literature in the Festival Exhibition of British Books, org. by the National Book League at the Victoria & Albert Museum. 10-6; Sun. 2.30-6.

BATTERSEA Park, L.C.C. International Open Air Sculpture Exhib. 10 till dusk daily. May-Sept. Adm. 1s., children 6d.

HENRY Moore. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till July 29. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s.

MICHAEL O'Connell, "Decor in Dyes." Designs for new British and Foreign architectural settings. Irving Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. Until June 30.

PAINTINGS by James Dring. June 1-30. Paul Alexander Gallery, 190 Kensington Church St., W.8.

SLATTER Gallery. Important Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

TWENTY Brook Street. "Modern Masters." Cezanne, Degas, Renoir, Van Gogh, etc.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Contemporary Furniture and Furnishings in rooms showing schemes for town and country living. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Israeli Arts and Crafts, at The Ben Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun., 2.30 p.m.-5 p.m. Until June 30. Free.

TOULOUSE-Lautrec: Paintings and Drawings at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond St., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1, until June 30.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters: Cézanne, Degas, Manet, Renoir, etc. Dly., 10-5. Sat., 10-12.

NEW Paintings of London by Piero Sanvenise. Redfern Gallery, 20 Cork Grosvenor St., W.1. Until July 6, 10-5. Sat. 10-1. In aid of The Save the Children Fund.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings & Drawings by Michael Ayrton; Paintings by Yanni Tsarouchis; Watercolours by John Paddy Carstairs. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibn. closes June 23.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Gericault to Renoir. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LOUIS Le Brocquy. Recent Oils & Tapestries. Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1.

SELECTED Paintings by Nick Nicholls at The Archer Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Till June 30. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., except Sundays.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

VIEWS of London, from 1800 to 1930. At the Arcade Gallery, 15 Royal Arcade, 28 Old Bond Street.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., Hanover Sq., W.1. Recent Paintings by Graham Sutherland. Private view on Wed., June 20, at 5 p.m.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1.

20TH Century Poetry. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Books, Manuscripts, Portraits, Lectures, Readings. 10-6.

EXHIBITION of new books and periodicals in German at Bonnington Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1, from Sat. June 23 to July 5. Adm. free. Arr. by the Library of the German Language. Admin. 4b Belsize Grove, N.W.3. Tel.: PRI. 6083. Opening by Lord Pakenham on June 22, 4 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SOCIETY for Education in Art, 29 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1. The first Marion Richardson Memorial Lecture: "Art and the School" will be given by E. M. O'R. Dickey, Esq., H.M.I., on Fri., June 29, 5.30 p.m. at The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. The Arts Council Exhibition of work by pupils of Marion Richardson will be on view from 4 p.m. on June 29 & 9.30 a.m.-12 noon on June 30.

PROGRESSIVE Business Men's Forum. "Present Events in Persia." Speaker: Mr. A. H. Hamzavi, Press Counsellor of Iranian Embassy. Thurs., June 21, 7.30 p.m. King's Room, Criterion Restaurant, Piccadilly Circus, W.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec., WEL. 0136.

A FESTIVAL Lecture, "Medicine, Yesterday and Tomorrow," arranged in conjunction with the Scientific Meetings jointly organised by the Royal Society of Medicine and the British Medical Association, will be given by Sir Henry Dale, O.M., F.R.S., in the Great Hall of B.M.A. House on Wednesday, June 20, 1951, at 6.30 p.m. Chairman: Lord Webb-Johnson, K.C.V.O., D.S.O., F.R.C.S. Admission free by ticket obtainable from Public Relations Department, B.M.A., Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

ALEX Comfort Reading his own Work. Sat., June 16, at 3 p.m. Peter Quennell on "Byron," Thurs., June 21, 6.15 p.m. Lecture Theatre, Victoria & Albert Museum, in conn. with Festival Exhibn. of Books.

SOCIALISM and Rearmament. Conference, Saturday, June 23, at 2.15 p.m. Friends Meeting House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Speakers: The Rt. Hon. Harold Wilson, M.P., Dr. Stephen Taylor. Tickets 1s. 6d. Apply, Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

ALL Nations Social Club (non-political). Sir Waldron Smithers, M.P. (Conservative), "Christianity v. Communism," June 21, 8 p.m., at Gt. Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.

A Sc.W. Festival Lectures, Caxton Hall, 7.30 p.m. Last in the series: Fri., June 15, Dr. J. Bronowski on "Science and Power," Chairman, Lord Haden-Guest. Tickets 2s. from Assoc. of Scientific Workers, 15, Half Moon St., W.1, or at door.

SOVIET Science in Action, 1951: Prof. J. D. Bernal, F.R.S., on scientific background and planning of new Soviet construction schemes. Thurs., June 21, 7.30, Beaver Hall, E.C.2. Tickets 1s. 6d. from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8, or 2s. at door.

"NO War with China." Holborn Hall, June 20, 8 p.m. Sir John Pratt, Lt.-Col. Read Collins.

DR. Kwame Nkrumah, National Leader of Gold Coast Govt. and Mr. Koko Botsio, Minister of Education, Gold Coast Govt., will be speaking at the Conway Hall on Fri., June 15 at 7 p.m., under auspices of West African Students' Union. Adm. 1s. Tickets at door.

SOCIETY of Labour Lawyers. Monday, 25 June 18, p.m. Niblett Hall, Inner Temple. Anthony Crosland, M.P., and a lawyer on "Monopolies."

PERSONALIST Group. Roy Jenkins, M.P., and Harold Farmer on "Socialism and the Small Business," at Ethical Church, Inverness Terrace, Queensway, W.2. Thurs., June 21, 7.30.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Mon., June 18, 7.30, N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "Commercial Broadcasting." Selwyn Lloyd, K.C., M.P., Adm. 1s. 6d.

GAYELORD Hauser, world-famous nutritionist and author, will deliver a public lecture entitled "Look Younger, Live Longer," at Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Mon., June 25, 6.30. Tickets: 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., from Compass News Service, Ltd., Queens Hse., Leicester Sq., W.C.2.

ISABEL Brown (prospective Communist Candidate for Hornsey), Prof. H. Levy, F.R.S.E., J. R. Campbell, Editor "Daily Worker," and London Communist Choir. Hornsey Town Hall, Wed., June 20, 7.30. 6d.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "East End Story." Readings from his newly-published book by A. B. Levy. Wed., June 19, 8 p.m. Non-members 1s.

WORLD Congress of Faiths. Service for "Men of all Faiths." Sunday, June 17, 6.30 p.m. Essex Church, Notting Hill Gate.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

MIDIA Kraus-Pines reads R.M. Rilke's German version of André Gide's "Le retour de l'enfant prodigue," at Bonnington Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1, Mon., June 18, 8 p.m. Arr. by the Library of the German Language. Admn. 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.

INST. of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Gro. 6186. 19th Short Story Readings. Chair: John Lehmann. 20th, at 7 p.m., Annual General Meeting. 21st, Gold Coast Music and Dancing Lecture—Demonstration Philip Gbeho. New members welc.

WHAT I saw in Korea", Mrs. Monica Felton speaks at Holly Lodge Restaurant, Makepeace Ave., N.6. Holly Lodge Estate 2 minutes from Parliament Hill Fields bus terminus, Monday, June 18, at 8 p.m.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. June 17: Archibald Robertson, M.A., "The Choice for Humanists." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Overseas visitors cordially welcomed.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Lecture by Prof. H. E. Cammaerts, C.B.E., on "The Scrap of Paper." Thurs., June 21, 6.30 p.m. Entrance Free.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. June 23 at 6. Monsieur George Duprat: Ballade au Moyen Age.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. June 17: The Pursuit of Happiness.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre. Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Thursday, 7.30 p.m. June 21: "Has God Any Form?" All welcome.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "An Englishman's Impressions of the U.S." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, June 17, at 11 a.m.

OXFORD and Cambridge Poets will read Their Work at The National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1, at 7.15 p.m. Tues., June 19. Chairman: Prof. C. Day Lewis. Tckts. 2s. 6d. from The General Sec.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall, Mrs. Monica Felton on "What I saw in Korea"; Alun Falconer, Ivor Montagu. Thurs., June 21, at 8. Org. by Hampstead Peace Council.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

PRESENT Question Conference, 1951, will be held at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, from August 4–11. Theme: Freedom and Responsibility in the experience of the Historian, Politician, Educator, Architect, Philosopher, Humanist, Pure Science, Applied Science, The Manager and Worker, etc. Speakers: H. J. Blackham, Mrs. K. M. Bliss, Dr. J. Bronowski, A. E. Carthy, Sir John D. Cockcroft, R. H. S. Crossman, Sir Wilfrid Garrett, W. F. Hogarth, Emile de Grunx, Dr. E. Lampert, Prof. H. D. Lewis, Dr. J. H. Oldham, Herbert Read, Clifton Robbins, Prof. F. E. Simon, Wells Coates, The Earl of Verulam, J. F. Wolfenden. Enquiries: The Secretariat, 37 Middleway, London, N.W.11.

BECOME Your Own Economist. Summer Term of classes in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy begins on Tuesday and Thursday, June 26 & 28, 7.0 p.m., at Westminster. The Course lasts ten weeks (attend once weekly on either day). No fees. Write for full particulars to: Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith Street, S.W.1, or telephone ABBEY 6665.

EXPERIMENT in Expression. Painting week-end June 29–July 1 at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon, both for those who can and for those who think they can't but would like to. Simple materials provided.

PENDLEY Manor. August Bank Holiday Art Week-end, Friday evening, August 3, to Tuesday morning, August 7. A short course on Art is being held for amateur artists, whether beginners or advanced workers. The mornings and afternoons will be devoted to practical sketching and painting in this beautiful Chiltern countryside, under the instruction and guidance of Mr. J. S. Jamieson, an Art Instructor at Harrow School of Art. One or more expeditions will be arranged to places of artistic and historic interest and lectures will be given of general interest to all artists in the evenings. Fees: 1gns. inclusive. Apply to the Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring 2302.

WEST Riding County Council. Bretton Hall. Training College for Teachers of Music, Art and Drama. Supplementary Course in Drama—Dance. Applications for admission to the course beginning in September, 1951, are invited from serving teachers and from students qualifying as teachers in 1951. The course provides a training in the theory and practice of Drama with emphasis on its use in the schools, together with guidance in practical stagecraft. Prospectus and application forms may be obtained from the Principal, Bretton Hall, Wakefield, Yorkshire.

THE Bedford Physical Training College. Principal, Miss P. Spafford, O.B.E. Students are trained to become teachers of all branches of Physical Education. Course extends over 3 years. Apply Sec., 37 Lansdowne Rd., Bedford.

(Lecture Courses, etc.—cont. on p. 693)

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 693, 694, 695

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office. 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1